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PSYCHO III

Second Draft Screenplay

by

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PSYCHO III

FADE IN

1 EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY - CLOSEUP OF MOTEL SIGN 1

Filling the screen is the unlit neon sign bearing the legend, "BATES MOTEL". And below in smaller letters, "NO VACANCY". The camera pulls back and pans, beyond the sign, to the motel itself -- the familiar twelve cabins and the office, not quite as dilapidated as we remember though...all spruced up with a nice bright coat of yellow paint, yellow glowing almost golden in the brilliant daylight -- an extension of the morning sun's rays which flash out from above the roof of the old Victorian house on the hill behind the motel and up to which the camera now pans.

We've seen the shot before in the previous Psychos...The nightmarish edifice looming high on the hill, like a towering gargoyle hovering menacingly over the motel. But of course, in the daylight, under the warm sun, it hardly looks that forbidding. No dark secrets, no hidden bloody past...merely a quaint, old turn-of-the century house....

Birds twitter O.S. The chirping becomes louder as we:

CUT TO

2 EXT. YARD OF BATES HOUSE - DAY - CLOSEUP OF BIRD FEEDER 2

...A bird feeder -- several, small birds perched there, feeding. In the b.g. down the hill, we can see the motel, the sign, the highway beyond -- we're in the yard of the old house.

The birds chirp and flap, greedily gobbling. Then...one flutters agitatedly and falls off the feeder. The camera follows its descent to the ground, where it lies -- quite dead! Another bird falls to the ground beside it. Then another. And another. The chirping has diminished, then stops all together when yet another bird plummets down at the base of the feeder among his fellows. Silence. Not a sound.

3 LOW ANGLE ON FEEDER 3

looking up. The feeder stands uninhabited, the sun glowing brilliantly in the sky behind it.

4 BACK ON BIRDS 4

...all very dead, strewn around the base of the feeder, some with their little legs jutting rigidly up in the air.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

We hear the sound of footsteps on the grass, the rustle of a paper bag. A shadow descends over the patch of ground where the birds lay. A tall, thin, angular shadow. The shadow of a man.

5 LOW ANGLE ON NORMAN

5

looking up. The shadow belongs to Norman Bates. Not the relatively sane, though confused, Norman from Psycho II, but the old Norman from the original Psycho. Oh, older, of course, perhaps even greyer, but reverted back to the Norman we know and love.

Before twenty-two years of incarceration, before strait-jackets and shock therapy and psychoanalysis. All the old nervous tics and hitches and some new ones. His frightened, tormented eyes stare down on the birds in a glazed, remote sympathy. His head twitches slightly. He eats candy almost mechanically from a bag marked "KANDY KORN". The same sort of bag he ate from when he watched Marian Crane's car sink into the swamp twenty-odd years ago.

The sun shines brightly behind Norman. We pan over his tensed shoulder, past his rigid, tortured face, past his sad, anxious eyes...into the sun, glowing gloriously golden in the sky....

DISSOLVE TO

6 EXT. NUNNERY - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

6

...The sun's rays shoot out across arid desert terrain, the flatness broken by an adobe compound on the horizon. It has a monastic look to it. It should. It is an abbey -- a Catholic convent. Rising above the walls of the place, above the domed buildings inside, is a tall spire -- a bell tower.

7 INT. BELL TOWER - DAY - CLOSE ON MAUREEN

7

The camera hovers on the weeping face of an attractive young woman...Blonde, close-cropped hair. Eyes, though at the moment wet and moist from crying, large and striking, accentuated by thick lashes and dark, heavy brows. This is Maureen Coyle. Her breath comes in gasping, labored jerks, her lips tremble, her cheeks are flush and damp with tears. She cast her moist, frightened eyes below.

8 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW

8

We are looking down the shaft of the bell tower. Two large bells hang below and their long cords dangle down the thirty

CONTINUED

8

CONTINUED

8

or forty feet of the tower. Several nuns have gathered on the floor far below and stare up in tense fixation. A stairwell runs alongside the tower and scrambling up it are the Mother Superior, Sister Margaret, and Sister Catherine. Sister Margaret is a strong, elegant woman of about fifty. Sister Catherine, in her early forties, is a bulky, hard-visaged woman. Three other nuns hurriedly follow these two sisters, all rushing in great concern.

MARGARET

Don't move, Maureen! Stay where you are!

9

BACK ON MAUREEN

9

Where Maureen is, is the edge of a platform at the top of the bell tower. She wears a drab, grey smock-like shift and stands in her bare feet. From her distraught manner, her intention is apparent. She plans to jump.

MARGARET (O.S.)

Maureen! Don't!

Maureen (and the camera) turns sharply at the voice. Sisters Margaret and Catherine emerge out on the platform. Maureen instinctively shrinks from them, backing closer to the edge.

MAUREEN

Stay back!

An angry Catherine surges forward.

CATHERINE

(belligerently)

Sinner! You'll be damned for eternity!

Margaret, with authority, sharply pushes Catherine back and shoots her a stern, admonishing glance. Then she once more turns to Maureen, precariously perched on the edge of the platform, empty air and death only inches away. Sister Margaret's voice is quiet, calm and kind, as she cautiously approaches the unhappy girl.

MARGARET

Please, Maureen, you mustn't. You have an obligation to God.

MAUREEN

(shrinking away)

I failed Him...the doubts...the doubts persist.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

9

MARGARET

You must have faith in God.

MAUREEN

(weeping)

Don't you see? I have none. That's why....

With an anguished sob, Maureen lurches forward, ready to plummet off the edge.

MARGARET

No!

She springs out to grab the girl, pulling her back and sending her sprawling safely to the platform floor. But in this same movement, she loses her own balance, falling and spilling over the edge. Catherine cries out and rushes forward. Maureen gazes over the edge in frozen horror.

10

MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW ON MARGARET

10

Margaret falls, spiralling down the length of the bell tower. Her body crashes through the bells, setting them to clanging, tolling her death knell as she plummets to the floor far below, striking it with a sickening, sharp crunch. Her twisted, mangled body lies there quite still as the nuns below silently, solemnly gather around it.

11

ON MAUREEN

11

...In shock...her face an anguished, tortured mask... suddenly, the snarling face of Sister Catherine looms into frame, as she roughly grabs the girl and shakes her.

CATHERINE

Wasn't your own sin great enough?  
You'll burn in hell for this. Burn  
in hell!

12

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM - DAY

12

The small room, appropriately enough, resembles a monk's cell...spare and simple...a narrow bed, a tiny nightstand, a table and chair, a closet, and a window. A shaft of sunlight lances through the window, striking against the wall above the bed. Illuminating a small recessed nook there. In the recess is a statue of the Virgin Mary holding aloft a crucifix, her arms outstretched.

CONTINUED

12

CONTINUED

12

Maureen kneels by the bed in tortured guilt and prays to Mary.

MAUREEN

Blessed Mother Mary, help me! I am unfit. Weak and unworthy. So many doubts. So much sin. Help me...Help me!

13

INT. ABBEY HALLWAY - DAY

13

Sister Catherine walks rapidly down a hallway, leading a middle-aged man toward a door at the end of the corridor, where a Nun sits in a chair. The man carries a black medical bag. He is a Doctor.

DOCTOR

Has she been depressed...?

CATHERINE

(curtly)

Discontented.

DOCTOR

So there were signs....

CATHERINE

...Of moodiness and difficulty...No indication of this....

DOCTOR

Moody and difficulty are indications of this, Sister. Suicide's....

CATHERINE

(sharply)

A sin!

DOCTOR

(avoiding both  
a medical and  
theological  
argument)

Does she know she'll have to go with me for observation?

CATHERINE

She's been told.

(to the Nun  
at the door)

How is she?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

The Nun has been crying. She dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.

NUN

She cried for a while after the police questioned her about poor Sister Margaret...

(wipes her moist eyes)

She's been quiet for the last half hour.

Catherine opens the door and steps in the room, followed by the Doctor.

14 INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM

14

...as Catherine and the Doctor enter.

CATHERINE

The Doctor's here....

But Maureen isn't. The room is empty. Catherine scans the room. The closet door is ajar. A solitary nun's habit hangs there amidst empty hangers. The small window is opened. Catherine moves to it and looks out.

15 CATHERINE'S POINT OF VIEW - OUTSIDE WINDOW

15

There is a drop from the window of about eight feet to the ground. Beyond is flat, empty desert. The afternoon sun shines golden against the sand.

DISSOLVE TO

16 EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

16

There is nothing but brush, cactus, and the tumbling tumbleweed...and a tiny figure moving across the sand. The camera focuses on this traveller moving in toward it even as the figure approaches the camera.

It is, of course, Maureen. She struggles across the rocky, sandy terrain, toting a small, battered suitcase along with her. She is dressed in a drab, black, simple dress, high collared with the hem well below the knee. It's primness is accented by a pair of black stockings -- obviously a part of her convent garb -- thick and rough, not sheer and sexy, and a pair of unattractive low-heeled shoes. She also carries a small purse.

Maureen is hot, distraught, and tired, burnt by the sun, choked by the dust, swimming in perspiration. But she grimly trudges on under the broiling sun.

17 EXT. IRRIGATION CANAL - DUSK

17

The sinking sun is splayed out across the horizon, the Western sky pink and purple and orange. Maureen stands at the edge of a large, empty concrete irrigation canal that runs parallel to the highway on the other side. Maureen, separated from the road by the wide ditch, helplessly watches the traffic whizz by.

18 ON MAUREEN

18

...weary, sweltering, exhausted. Her delicate face is caked with dust being turned into tiny rivers of mud as sweat and quiet, tired tears roll down her cheeks. Awkwardly clutching her suitcase and trying to maintain her balance at the same time, she clumsily starts down the steep, hard incline into the canal in order to get to the highway.

19 EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER

19

An occasional car zooms by the camera, racing with its long afternoon shadow that keeps pace along the roadside. Camera pulls in and focuses on the highway side of the irrigation canal edge. We hear a scraping, scuffling sound...then a slight, sobbing, pained whimper. Suddenly Maureen's suitcase is shoved up over the canal edge. Then a hand appears. Maureen herself inches up next, almost crawling out of the concrete ditch on all fours. Exhausted by the effort, she sits there a moment, examining the scuffed leather of her shoes and a gaping hole in one of her stockings. She wipes sweat, perhaps tears, from her face, leaving a brown smudge on her cheek from her dirty palm.

She rises, clutching up her suitcase and looks down the highway. It's desolate. No car. No possible ride. With a dismayed, weary sigh...almost a groan, Maureen turns west and trudges down the highway.

As she walks, a speck appears on the road behind. It grows larger. A car. Maureen hears and, turning around, watches it approach. Though she makes no effort to flag it down, it is obvious from her expression that she hopes it will stop....

It does.

The car, a bashed and battered old Buick, circa late 1960s, slows, sliding to a reckless stop, the brakes screaming, burning a trail of rubber from highway to the service road. The car screeches a good fifteen feet past Maureen before coming to a halt.

CONTINUED



19

CONTINUED

19

The driver's door opens and a tanned, lean but wiry young man gets out -- Duane Duke. He examines the skid marks his car burned along the blacktop and wearily shakes his head. Then he glances up at Maureen and flashes a good-looking but slightly smarmy smile. He is a good-looking but slightly smarmy fellow. Curly black hair cut in punk-chic style, well-chiselled features, intelligent eyes. But there is a hint of coldness in those eyes that suggest there's a lot of the brute in Duane. He wears jeans, cowboy boots, and a tight T-shirt with a heavy metal band logo on it and which hugs the supple muscles of his torso. He also wears a studded arm band. Maureen has not moved.

DUANE

Well, honey, I didn't risk life and limb stopping just to say, 'Have a nice day.' You wanna ride or are you carrying the Olympic Torch in that suitcase?

20

INT. CAR - CLOSEUP - DUANE'S HAND

20

...as it presses down the lock button on the passenger door. Camera pulls back -- Duane has leaned over close to Maureen, in order to lock the door. He hovers there a moment, very close, smiling at her.

DUANE

Wouldn't want to lose you....

Maureen shifts her gaze, feeling uncomfortable under Duane's grinning scrutiny. Her eyes immediately freeze on something else. Something that causes them to flicker with surprised concern. Duane's glance follows hers.

She is staring at a little plastic statue of Jesus on the dashboard.

DUANE

Oh, don't worry about that...I ain't born again or nothing...Not even a mackerel snapper. Let me get some of this shit out of your way....

He throws several crumpled, ill-folded maps and other miscellaneous trash into an already cluttered backseat. A burial mound of empty fast food bags and cartons, drained beer bottles and soda cans. It also houses Duane's few worldly goods -- a guitar, a canvas luggage piece, a backpack, and a sleeping bag. More trash litters the floor at Maureen's feet. A large plastic bottle of water is also there. A box of Kleenex and a half-eaten moonpie keeps

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED

20

Jesus company on the dash. The car, full of upholstery tears in the roof and seats, is as dilapidated inside as out.

DUANE

(continuing;  
referring  
to Jesus)

...Jesus H. just came with this clunker when I bought it used. I was going to replace him with one of those magnetic compasses, you...But then I thought -- why? I always end up going the wrong direction, anyway.

MAUREEN

(distractedly)

That makes two of us.

He leans back in his seat, flashing his toothy smile. Maureen returns it with a slight, shy one of her own. Duane turns the key in the ignition. The engine sputters. Duane pumps the gas.

DUANE

(singing with  
gusto)

'I don't care if it rains or freezes,  
Long as I got my plastic Jesus  
Sitting on the dashboard of my  
car...'\*  
\*(check rights)

Maureen reacts to the irreverent song as the engine, with an ailing wheeze, turns over and revs up. Duane smiles at her.

DUANE

Hope you don't mind my singing, but  
the radio, like practically everything  
else on this piece of crap, is broken.

21

EXT. CAR - DUSK

21

The car, with a screech of tires, smoking rubber, and Duane singing a second verse, peels onto the highway and off into the sunset.

DUANE

'Going ninety, it ain't scary,  
Cause I got my Virgin Mary,  
Riding on the dashboard of my car.'

22 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

22

...as Duane's Buick cruises down the highway, the noisy rattle of its less-than-fuel-efficient engine and Duane's singing voice piercing the desolate solitude. He's warbling a contemporary rock song.

23 INT. DUANE'S CAR - NIGHT

23

As he sings, he beats out a rhythmmed accompaniment on the steering wheel. He turns to Maureen and beams his winning smile. She sits with her suitcase still in her lap. There are small initials emblazoned on the side of the case -- "M.C."

DUANE

The name's Duane, by the way. Duane Duke. Friends just call me Duke....

He expects her to reciprocate. She doesn't.

DUANE

You can put that suitcase in the backseat, if you want.

MAUREEN

(softly)

Thank you.

She turns around to deposit her bag in the back, accidentally bumping the guitar with it.

DUANE

Watch the guitar.

Freeing one hand from the steering wheel, Duane clamps it over Maureen's, which clutches the suitcase handle. The touching seems innocent enough but there is an undercurrent of sexuality in that Maureen reacts to it with a slight shiver of surprise; not an angry reaction, but rather as though it set a tingle of startled, suppressed excitement through her.

MAUREEN

(awkwardly,  
over apologetic)

Oh, I'm sorry...I didn't mean...I....

DUANE

(smiling,  
soothingly)

It's all right. No harm done. Here.

CONTINUED

His hand still on hers, he glides the suitcase neatly into the backseat without taking his eyes or his smile off her. Maureen pulls her hand out from under his, staring blankly into Duane's sparkling grin, examining his chiselled, tanned features, his lean, supple muscles. She smiles back uneasily in timid embarrassment.

MAUREEN

Thank you.

DUANE

My pleasure. Just have to watch the guitar. That's my bread and butter. Going to L.A. to be a rock 'n roll star.

(pause)

Where are you going? Where you been? What were you doing back there?

MAUREEN

(hesitates)

I...ah...a....

DUANE

Car trouble?

MAUREEN

(grabbing the  
excuse quickly)

Yes...yes...car trouble....

DUANE

What kind...?

MAUREEN

(caught;  
embarrassed)

...a....no car....

DUANE

(smiles)

The worst kind.

He laughs. She does not, staring out the windshield. Duane's persistent charm keeps prodding, trying to open her up.

DUANE

Then I guess you're going a little further than the nearest gas station.

She says nothing.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED - 2

23

DUANE

Still don't know where you came from  
though....

MAUREEN

(edgy)

Does it matter?

DUANE

To somebody, possibly.

Maureen looks up at him harshly.

MAUREEN

(defensively)

It certainly shouldn't to you.

DUANE

Look, I was just curious. Trying to  
be a little civil. I mean I pick  
you up in the middle of nowhere.  
Covered in dust and sweat, your  
clothes a mess. You don't even tell  
me your name, for Christsakes.

MAUREEN

So? Are you my father confessor?

Duane turns sharply to her.

DUANE

What's wrong with you? Jesus! I  
just asked you a couple of normal  
questions. You'd think I accused  
you of murder or something.

She reacts to the word "murder," starting to cry, and jerks  
violently at the door handle, trying to get out. Realizing  
it's locked, she grabs at the button and snaps it up.  
Duane's arm shoots past her and snaps it back down. She  
wheels around on him, he shoots her a smooth smile.

DUANE

Look, I'm sorry. You're right, it's  
none of my business. You wanna be a  
mystery lady, that's fine by me. I  
don't care where you come from. You  
could've dropped from the sky for all  
I care.

(beams his

charming smile)

Probably did. A little angel tumbled  
off her cloud.

CONTINUED

23

CONTINUED - 3

23

He pulls some Kleenex from the box on the dashboard.

DUANE

Here, Angel, dry your eyes, wipe  
some of that grit off your pretty  
face, sit back, enjoy the ride, and  
leave the driving to us.

Maureen takes the Kleenex.

MAUREEN

(wiping her  
face)

I didn't mean to be rude. You're  
very kind.

DUANE

(points to  
water bottle  
at her feet)

You can use that water to clean up.

MAUREEN

Thank you. It would be nice to be  
clean.

Maureen reaches down for the bottle, her eye resting a  
moment on the dash.

24

MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW

24

...the plastic Jesus staring down on her....

25

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

25

Duane's Buick plows through a torrential downpour of rain.  
It is one of those flash desert storms.

26

INT. CAR

26

Duane is scrunched over the wheel, peering through the rain-  
drenched windshield with a labored squint. The wipers  
clack with a plodding, scraping sound across the window,  
but the rubber blades are old and thin and Duane's view is  
not greatly enhanced through their efforts. At one point,  
they stop altogether and the window quickly blurs with a  
cascade of water. Duane impatiently bangs on the dash.

DUANE

Christ!

CONTINUED

Whether in response to his banging, his oath, or merely through some whim of their own, the wipers start up once again. Duane glances over at his passenger.

Maureen has cleaned her face and is looking very pretty. She has taken off one of her shoes, checking the hole in the heel of her stocking. There are other holes and a large run further up in the leg and in her other stocking as well. She scratches her leg through one of the holes in discomfort.

DUANE

Those look kinda heavy and uncomfortable.

Maureen looks up from her sartorial inspection.

DUANE

Rain's not gonna cool anything down.  
Take 'em off, if you want.

Maureen eyes Duane suspiciously. He knows what she suspects and just smiles his charming, shit-eating grin.

DUANE

Hey! My eyes are on the road.

He stares back over the steering wheel, out the window. Maureen studies him for a moment, then self-consciously and as discreetly as possible, proceeds to reach up under her skirt and remove her stockings. Sitting in a car does not make this an easy task.

As the stockings roll down her legs, Duane's eyes are, of course, not on the road. He is casting furtive glances over at Maureen, getting a brief flash of underwear and thigh despite Maureen's best efforts to keep her skirt at her knees. The stockings finally come off, revealing a nice set of gams.

Duane leeringly enjoys the scenery. But the distraction has diverted his attention from more pertinent matters.

In the front windshield, we can see the car is drifting off the road. Duane suddenly realizes it when the car jolts, going off onto the rough dirt along the highway.

Duane hurriedly over-steers and steps on the brakes. Both he and Maureen are jostled as the car starts to slide across the rain-slicked highway.

The brakes squeal and the car swerves and fishtails in the highway before coming to a halt, straddling both lanes and pointed in the wrong direction.

28

INT. CAR

28

Both Duane and Maureen breathe a sigh of relief.

DUANE

All right?

MAUREEN

Yes....

Duane slowly turns the car around and eases off onto the road shoulder. He shuts off the ignition and headlights, sinking back against his seat.

MAUREEN

Wha...What are you doing?

DUANE

Far as we go on bald tires and bad brakes in this shit.

MAUREEN

But it could rain all night.

DUANE

(smiles  
at her)

It could. Better get some sleep,  
Angel.

He stretches out, making himself as comfortable as possible in his seat. He's situated himself directly opposite her, smiling at her. Maureen looks at him nervously, unsure of this arrangement, scanning his chest under the tight T-shirt, his muscled arms folded across each other. She looks out at the rain. It's still coming down hard. No alternatives. Resigned, she huddles in her seat, head next to the door, legs scrunched uncomfortably under her, trying to put as much distance between herself and Duane. She tugs at her skirt hem, pulling it down over her legs. She looks at the rain splattering against the window next to her head and closes her eyes, her body rolled into a tight, closed ball against the passenger door. Duane smiles and closes his eyes.

29

ON WINDSHIELD

29

...a drizzling cascade of rain....

DISSOLVE TO

30

INT. CAR

30

It's still raining, though not quite as heavily...Maureen

CONTINUED



30

CONTINUED

30

has shifted in her sleep. Her rump is nestled against Duane's thigh. He is quite awake, looking down on Maureen, scanning her peaceful, pretty face, moving down to her breasts, then to her unstockinged legs so close to him. Her skirt is bunched up high, giving him a good view of them.

The fingers of Duane's left hand lightly run along her legs, stopping at the hem of her skirt, idly playing with it, debating whether to violate its border and penetrate its secret confines, to the hidden treasures beyond.

As Duane considers the situation and his options. Light penetrates the back window of the car, growing brighter. The lights of a passing truck. Its giant tires slosh along the rain-soaked highway, its engine roars, and light floods the interior of the car. Maureen stirs. The truck passes on. Darkness again. Maureen has awoken.

DUANE

It's just a truck. Go back to sleep.

But Maureen is fully conscious now and realizes where she is. She quickly tries to move back and restore the bounds of propriety.

MAUREEN

Oh!..Excuse me, I'm sorry.

DUANE

It's all right, you just sort of drifted over in the night.

MAUREEN

You should have woken me.

DUANE

You seemed to comfortable.

Duane is quite close to her, staring at her. Little doubt he finds her attractive. Maureen is nervous and apprehensive, but at the same time, she finds Duane equally attractive and is excited by his proximity and obvious interest.

MAUREEN

(uneasily)  
It's still raining.

DUANE

Yeah....

CONTINUED

He kisses her. A gentle, quick kiss, almost polite. Maureen, though surprised, doesn't resist. Duane smiles at her.

MAUREEN

(shyly)

Why...why did you do that?

DUANE

Why didn't you stop me?

MAUREEN

I didn't have time.

DUANE

I'll give you another chance.

He kisses her again...longer this time, more passionate... Maureen again does not resist, although she finally breaks it, gasping for breath. It is a confusing, though not unpleasant, experience. She holds an eager Duane at bay with a hand on his chest.

MAUREEN

I'm...I'm not very good at this sort of thing.

DUANE

Could've fooled me.

(gently)

You're very pretty, Angel. And you kiss real nice.

She looks up at him. Duane smiles his damn charming smile. She smiles timidly back, then leans into him with unsure, hesitant trepidation. Her lips meekly finding his; his taking over. His probing tongue flicks against her lips, parting them, plunging into her eager, hungry mouth.

Her hands clutch in convulsive excitement, squeezing his muscled arms, sliding across his back. His hands grope along her waist and breasts, as he eases her down on the seat.

She is excited by his touch. Her mouth greedily responds to his kisses.

One of his hands starts to slide up under her skirt. She thrashes with nervous anticipation, perhaps even worry, her guilt and fear tumbled together with new and arousing sensations in a conflicting confusion.

CONTINUED

30

CONTINUED - 3

30

MAUREEN

No...please....

Too late. Duane's touch makes her shudder with unexpected eroticism. A quivering leg rises, striking the dashboard.

31

ON DASHBOARD

31

...as Maureen's leg thrashes along the dash, hitting the plastic Jesus, knocking it off.

32

BACK TO SCENE

32

The little statue falls on Maureen's shoulder. Seeing it, she stifles an abrupt cry and, pushing Duane back, scoots away. She picks up the plastic idol in trembling fingers, staring at it transfixedly.

DUANE

Think it was a bug or something?  
Guess we got him excited.

He shoots her a licivious grin and advances on her, who shoves him back.

MAUREEN

No!

She holds the idol between them, almost as though she were brandishing the cross at Dracula. Quiet tears well up in her eyes. Tears of guilt and fear and frustration.

DUANE

Hey, what's the problem.

She shrinks back from him.

MAUREEN

No! Don't touch me!

DUANE

(pissed off)  
What kind of prick-tease horse shit  
is this?

MAUREEN

Stay away!

DUANE

What the hell did I do?

CONTINUED

32

CONTINUED

32

He tries to move toward her.

MAUREEN

Stay away from me!

He backs off. Maureen, quite distraught by now, grabs her shoes and purse and opens the door of the car.

DUANE

Hey! Come back here!

He starts across the seat, grabbing her arm and angrily pulling her back. She slaps him across the face. He cries out in pain and she yanks free, exiting from the car. Out into the night. Duane scoots across the seat to stop her. But she's out and slams the door behind her.

33

EXT. ROAD SHOULDER - NIGHT

33

The rain soaks Maureen, pressing her wet clothes against her attractive body, mingling with the tears streaming down her face. She braces herself against the car with one hand as, in her distressed misery, she awkwardly puts on her shoes.

The window on the passenger side rolls down and Duane sticks his head out.

DUANE

(hotly)

Get in here. Are you crazy? What the hell's wrong with you? It wasn't like you were enjoying it?

MAUREEN

Just leave me alone.

DUANE

(wild-eyed  
fury)

All right! All right! Leave you alone? You bet I will.

He disappears from the window, returning a moment later with Maureen's suitcase.

DUANE

Don't forget your suitcase!

He flings it out the window. It splashes down in a deep mud puddle. Maureen runs over and retrieves it. Duane shouts from the car.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

DUANE

Stupid bitch! You could've been  
coming instead of going!

He rolls up the window. A moment later, the engine wheezes up with a whirring groan and the headlights snap on. Duane and his Buick blaze off into the wet night, leaving Maureen smothered in exhaust fumes. She stands there, drenched, sobbing, clutching her muddy, dripping suitcase, watching forlornly as Duane's car swerves wildly down the slick highway, soon only two red taillights growing smaller in the blackness.

34

EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY

34

It has rained at the Bates Motel too. Even though the sun now shines, everything is wet. Puddles pock the parking lot, rain drips off the motel sign, off the eaves of the motel roof, off the big Victorian house on the hill.

35

EXT. BATES FRONT YARD - DAY - CLOSEUP OF BIRD FEEDER

35

Rain drops from the bird feeder too -- a desolate, unoccupied bird feeder. None of the usual feathered diners are perched there. Empty, except for the untouched seed and the slowly oozing droplets of rain.

36

INT. BATES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - NORMAN'S HANDS

36

...holding a small dead sparrow and a narrow-bladed knife. The blade starts to cut into the breast of the bird as the camera pulls back to reveal -- Norman working with fixed determination over the bird. It seems he's taken up his old taxidermy hobby again.

He sits at the kitchen table, the top of which is covered with newspapers. Several other dead birds lie on the table, the same ones we saw fall from the feeder earlier. Also on the table are several different-sized knives, a container of sawdust, jars of chemicals, spools of thread, needles, and some rags.

Norman's head twitches in an unconscious nervous tic. But his eyes are fixed, intent on his task.

37

ON SPARROW

37

Its breast has been cut open, the innards exposed. Norman's fingers, with practiced dexterity, pry the opening slightly wider, then dump the bird guts onto the newspaper. The blood and the intestines plop and ooze onto the paper. The camera pulls in close on the paper, focusing on a particular article.

## 37-A ON NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

37-A

The news item is a small two-column piece, bearing the headline, "SPOOL STILL MISSING." Underneath the headline is a smaller caption preceding the article, "WAITRESS'S DISAPPEARANCE A MYSTERY." A photograph accompanies the article, showing an elderly woman in her midsixties (Mrs. Spool from Psycho II).

## 38 ON NORMAN

38

...gazing at the paper....

## 39 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - BLOOD

39

from the spilt bird guts trickles across the news item.

## 40 ON NORMAN

40

...panning into his fixated, disturbed eyes...tortured in grim reverie. We hear voices. Actually, Norman hears them -- a woman's voice and his own...inside his head...rattling, resounding in his brain...echoing through the hazy gauze of memory. (Note: Following dialogue from Psycho II)

NORMAN (V.O.)

Are you really my mother?

MRS. SPOOL (V.O.)

Yes. The name Spool doesn't mean anything you?

NORMAN (V.O.)

No.

The memory is becoming clearer as we....

DISSOLVE TO

41 INT. BATES HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO II 41  
(FLASHBACK)

We see what Norman is remembering (Note: This flashback and all subsequent flashbacks that are Norman's memories are in black and white). Norman is in the kitchen of his house, standing at the sink preparing tea. In the corner by the stove stands a coal shovel. An elderly woman, in her midsixties, the very same in the newspaper photo, sit at the kitchen table -- Mrs. Spool.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

SPOOL

It was Norma Bates' maiden name. The woman you thought was your mother was my sister. I had you when I was very young. Out of wedlock. I couldn't handle a brand new baby, especially being by myself. I...had some trouble and the state put me away for awhile. That's when Norma took you in. You were less than a year old, too young to remember me. She never mentioned me, did she?

NORMAN

(giving her  
a cup of  
tea)

No. She didn't.

SPOOL

I guess she didn't want you to know your mother wasn't quite...right... But we know all about that, don't we, Norman?

42 BACK TO SCENE - ON NORMAN

42

...cutting into another bird, answering his memory, taut with tension....

NORMAN

(stuttering  
violently)

Y...Y...Y...Yes!

He empties the bird's intestines onto the paper.

43 ON NEWSPAPER

43

...as he stares at the widening red stain.

SPOOL (V.O.)

By the time I got out, you'd already had your 'troubles' and been committed.

The word "committed" reverberates in Norman's brain. His lips tremble, his eyes blink, his head twitches. He grabs another bird.

- 44 BACK TO FLASHBACK - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO II 44
- Mrs. Spool still is seated at the table, sipping tea. Norman still at the sink. "Without a sound he steps from the kitchen sink, picks up the shovel in the corner and swings it high over his head in an arc, bringing the heavy spaded end smashing down on the back of her skull."
- 45 BACK TO SCENE - ON NORMAN'S HANDS 45
- The taxidermy knife rips across the breast of a dead bird.
- 46 BACK TO FLASHBACK - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO II 46
- ...as the shovel connects against Mrs. Spool's head, smashing skull, cracking vertebrae, smashing the chair underneath her, driving her lifeless body to the floor. Then the entire scene replays itself -- shovel crushing skull, driving the body to the floor. Then again. And again. Over and over. In quick repetition, the shovel cracks Mrs. Spool's skull.
- 47 ON NORMAN 47
- reliving the vivid, ghastly scene in his mind. Beads of sweat dot his forehead. His eyes are glassy and blink frantically. His breath comes in labored gasps. He glances down at his hands.
- 48 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - HIS BLOODSTAINED HANDS 48
- hold not a bird, but an arm -- a human arm, a woman's arm! It has been dissected and been partially sewn back up. In the yet unsewn gash, we can see, not muscle and tissue, but sawdust. The arm is being stuffed!
- 49 ON NORMAN 49
- ...His eyes wide with terror, as with a sharp cry, he drops the severed, half-stuffed appendage to the floor, it plopping on the tile and spilling sawdust about it. Norman stares wildly at it. Suddenly above his heaving, startled breaths, Norman hears a loud blaring honk, harsh and persistent.
- Norman jerks up at the sound, jolted from his grim reverie. The noise continues. It's a horn honking. A car horn. Someone's down at the motel! Reality. Mundane reality. Business to be taken care of. Norman hesitantly glances

CONTINUED



49

CONTINUED

49

back down at the floor where he dropped the arm. Not an arm at all. A bird. With its breast cut open. The arm was just an hallucination. Just another tormented daydream. Norman sighs, staring down at his hands -- one still clutching a taxidermy knife, the other open, displaying bloodstain fingers.

The camera pans past Norman's hands, down to the floor, in close on the dead bird at his feet. The car horn from down at the motel starts again.

50

EXT. BATES MOTEL-OFFICE - DAY

50

Duane stands by his battered Buick, his arm stuck in the open window of the driver's seat, honking the horn. His radiator's steaming. A voice -- Norman's -- shouts from up above inside the house.

NORMAN (O.S.)

(up at the  
house)

Down in a minute!

Duane stops honking and walks up to the office, slamming the smoking hood of the Buick with a muttered curse and a weary shake of his head. As he heads for the office door, he stops to examine a sign in the lower corner of the window. It states simply in bold type -- "HELP WANTED".

51

INT. BATES MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

51

Duane enters, weary, bleary-eyed and haggard, the beginnings of a beard marked by the dark, heavy stubble on his chin. He's wearing the same clothes as earlier. The T-shirt is dirty, large perspiration stains under the armpits.

He leans against the registration desk, yawns, and rubs his eyes. Then he notices -- the cash register on the other side of the counter. The drawer's open. There's cash inside. Duane stares at the money, then he tries to glance into the back room to see if anyone's coming. He leans over the counter. His attention is obvious. He's seriously considering stealing the money. He gazes into the drawer, debating the idea.

NORMAN (O.S.)

R-r-room?

52

ANOTHER ANGLE

52

...as a startled Duane straightens up abruptly, turning to find Norman standing in the doorway.

CONTINUED

DUANE

Hmm?

NORMAN

(moving  
behind the  
counter)

Room?

DUANE

Love one. Don't think I can afford  
one though...You know, you oughta  
keep that register closed. Somebody  
steal you blind.

Norman closes the drawer and blandly smiles at Duane.

NORMAN

W-wouldn't get very far on what's in  
there, I'm afraid.

DUANE

(smiles back)

Business slow?

NORMAN

You're my first customer of the  
day. But-but then you said you  
weren't a customer, didn't you?  
Stopped for directions to the  
interstate, I suppose. There's an  
entry ramp a couple of miles down  
the road.

DUANE

Actually I was thinking about that  
'Help Wanted' sign in your window,  
but if business is bad....

NORMAN

Not-not bad. Just...slow....

Duane eyes a full key board on the wall behind the counter  
-- twelve pegs, each with a key dangling on it.

NORMAN

(continuing)

Oh, I know...Twelve cabins, twelve  
vacancies...But we've been closed  
for awhile. R-renovations. Little  
paint, few repairs. Things will pick  
up now. There's more life along this  
road than there used to be.

CONTINUED

NORMAN (Cont'd)

(smiles)

And good prices, good service.  
Things will pick up. I've got a new  
ice m-m-machine. And I've got four  
cabins booked for later in the  
week. Farevale High's Homecoming.  
Big game with Central...But...I seem  
to be rattling on...There is a job.  
Were you interested?

DUANE

I'm interested in money. And the  
only honest way I know to get it is  
earn it or inherit it. And I don't  
have any rich relatives about to  
die. Got an application form?

NORMAN

(smiles)

That won't be necessary. But I  
suppose you'd like some details.  
Know what you're getting into...I'm  
Norman...Norman Bates.

He offers his hand. Duane goes to shake it, stopping  
short, noticing Norman's palm and fingers are covered in  
blood.

DUANE

What you've been painting?

NORMAN

Oh...sorry. Why don't you step into  
the back...the parlor...while I  
wash up....

Norman gestures to the door. Duane follows.

DUANE

'...said the spider to the fly....'

Duane shoots a good-natured grin at Norman, whose head  
twitch nervously in response to the idly spoken words. He  
smiles meekly and Duane passes into the room.

A large owl fills the screen -- wings spread, head  
cocked...poised to strike. It doesn't. It doesn't move at  
all. The wings remain outstretched, as though in frozen

CONTINUED

flight; the cocked head stays cocked; two cold eyes stare out...at nothing. The owl is stuffed, perched on a wooden mount attached to the wall of a room. The camera pans the room.

The owl is not alone. the room is filled with stuffed birds, crammed with them. This is the parlor behind the office of the Bates Motel. We've seen stuffed birds in this room before, of course -- long years before...but back then it was only a few birds, now its overflowing, like an aviary...and aviary and a mausoleum, all in one. Birds are "on every available surface, one even clinging to the old-fashioned fringed shade of the lamp. The birds are of many varieties, beautiful, grand, horrible, preying..." Faintly reminiscent of another Hitchcock film.

The dim lighting of the room enhances the strangely fascinating the bizarre spectacle, illuminating the birds in garish chiaroscuro, casting eerie shadows along the walls. It seems Norman has not only taken up his old taxidermy habit, but taken it up with a renewed vengeance. And speaking of Norman...?

The camera, panning picks up Norman and Duane standing in the doorway. Duane glances about the dimly lit curious room, staring at all the birds staring back at him.

DUANE

(moving into  
the room)

Local branch of the Audubon Society?

NORMAN

My hobby...stuffing things.

(gestures  
to a chair  
in front of  
the desk)

Have a seat...a....

(fishes for  
a name)

DUANE

Duane. Duane Duke. Just call me  
Duke.

Duane sits. Norman goes to a small bathroom, off to one side of the room, opens the door, and goes to the sink to wash his hands. He leaves the door open so he is still visible to Duane. Duane idly thumbs a taxidermy magazine he's taken from the desk.

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED - 2

53

NORMAN

I can pay you five dollars an hour. You'd have to work the desk, clean rooms, make beds, empty trash, that sort of thing.

DUANE

(looks up  
from magazine)

Have to put those sanitary wrappers around the toilet seat too?

NORMAN

(smiles)

You'd be a general assistant. I know the pay's not much, but the work's not really hard and you'd have lots of free time.

DUANE

(idly  
considering)

Assistant, huh?

Norman dries his hands and enters the room, sitting on the edge of the desk. The owl on the wall behind hovers above him in eerie tableau.

NORMAN

Well, I'm the manager and you'd be my assistant, so I guess you'd be assistant manager. No raise with the title, I'm afraid.

He smiles and picks up a bag of "Kandy Korn" that sits on the desk and, pouring some into his palm, casually chews it. He politely offers some to Duane.

NORMAN

What some?

Duane dips his mitt into the bag and grabs a handful. Both men munch the candy corn. Norman bites off the little colored sections bit by bit, top to bottom. Duane also chews in sections, but from bottom top. The job interview continues between nibbles.

NORMAN

You'd get a free room, of course. And work mostly days...

(quietly)

I prefer the nights.

CONTINUED

53

CONTINUED - 3

53

DUANE

Well, I gotta be straight with you,  
Norm.

NORMAN

Norman.

DUANE

Norman. I'm not looking for anything  
long term. Just want to make enough  
bucks to get the brakes on my car  
fixed and build up a little stake for  
L.A.

(proudly)

I'm a singer. But I wouldn't mind  
filling in temporarily until you  
found somebody permanent, I just  
won't be staying here long.

NORMAN

No-no one ever does.

Norman twitches nervously, blinks. Duane stares at him  
curiously and reaches back into the candy bag.

DUANE

Kind of desolate out here. A guy  
could go crazy.

Pause. Norman stares at Duane, eating his candy corn, bit  
by bit, white top, orange middle, yellow bottom. Duane  
chews in reverse order, yellow, orange, white, staring  
back, confused by Norman's quirky manner. The birds stare  
down on both of them.

54

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

54

Duane is pulling his guitar and luggage from the backseat  
of his car. Norman exits the office with a key. He points  
at the end cabin.

NORMAN

Your cabin's down at the end. Why  
don't you freshen up. I've got to  
go back up to the house for a bit.

DUANE

You live up there, huh?

NORMAN

Yes, me and my...  
(stops,  
twitches,  
smiles)  
...self alone....

CONTINUED

54

CONTINUED

54

He hands Duane the key. Duane takes it, strangely uneasy under Norman's gaze.

DUANE

Thanks. I'll go... 'freshen up....'

Backpack slung over his shoulder, guitar in one hand, canvas suitcase and key in the other, Duane heads for his cabin, Norman watching him go.

55

INT. DUANE'S CABIN

55

...as Duane enters the room. Despite Norman's renovations, it's still a far cry from the Hilton...not even a Holiday Inn. A Motel 6, maybe. The basic amenities are there. Clean sheets, TV. It beats sleeping in the Buick. Duane draws open the curtains covering the picture window and gazes out.

56

DUANE'S POINT OF VIEW - NORMAN

56

has climbed the hill to the house. He steps onto the porch, opens the front door, and disappears inside. The house looms austere and brooding even in the sunlight.

57

INT. BATES HOUSE - KITCHEN - CLOSEUP - TEA KETTLE

57

...as it comes to a boil, the spout spewing a steaming high whistle. Camera pulls back as Norman grabs the kettle with a pot holder and pours the boiling water into a China teapot on a tray. Also on the tray are two tea cups and a small plate of biscuits. Norman sets the kettle back on the stove and picks up the tray.

58

INT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT HALL

58

...as Norman enters with the tray. The interior is the same as we remember from previous films. The narrow passage leading from the kitchen and fruit cellar. And the stairway that leads to the second floor. Norman stares up the steps in glassy fixation...the steps leading up to Mother's room...and old memories...old, dark memories....

Norman, back to camera, ascends. No sound but the creak of the stair; then, as Norman reaches the top...a voice...an old woman's voice....

MOTHER (O.S.)

(sharply)

Norman? Norman, is that you?

Norman stops on the steps.

59

ON NORMAN

59

...thinking, remembering...he twitches and continues up the stairs, camera following from behind.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Norman, answer me!

60

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING

60

Norman reaches the landing and turns to the left, heading toward a door at the end of the hall -- Mother's door.

NORMAN

(finally  
answering)

Yes, Mother, it's me.

He stops at the door and quietly opens it.

61

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM

61

Norman enters the room. The blinds are down, the curtains drawn. The only light seeps in from the hall through the ajar door. The room is very Victorian...and very Mother... the old four-poster bed, the bureau, armoire, antimacassars and doilies, and...the stiff, high-backed rocking chair.

Shadows play along Norman's face as he gazes over at the bed.

62

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE BED

62

It is occupied. The sleeper's features indistinguishable in the dim light. But the nightgown sleeve on the arm laying outside the bed covers tell us it's a woman.

The covers next to her prone form are rumpled and pulled back and a deep impression runs along the length of the mattress beside her. A faintly human impression...as though someone had been sleeping along side her. The woman is, of course, Mother. And she is no longer asleep. Her voice comes out of the dark.

MOTHER

Why did you leave me alone? I heard voices outside? Who were you with?

NORMAN

Did you have a nice nap, Mother?

MOTHER

(accusingly)

It wasn't a girl you were talking to, was it?



63

ON NORMAN

63

...as he sets the tea tray down and goes to the bed.

NORMAN

(sitting on  
the edge of  
the bed)

N-no, Mother. Someone about the  
job. I hired him.

64

ON MOTHER

64

In the moody dark, we never catch a glimpse of her face.

MOTHER

Don't see why we need anybody else,  
if you'd apply yourself.

65

ON NORMAN

65

Norman's head twitches slightly, his eyes blink agitatedly.  
He takes His mother's hand and holds it.

NORMAN

(patiently  
explaining)

But with someone else here, Mother,  
I can devote more time to you...  
I-look after you....

Norman gently scoops Mother in his arms and carries her to  
the rocker. We see her grey hair above Norman's shoulder.  
But her face is still hidden.

MOTHER

You're the one who needs looking  
after, boy...Not me....

Norman sets her in the rocker sitting back in a dark corner  
of the room near the bed. Neither Norman and his mother  
can be seen clearly in the grim shadowy gloom.

MOTHER

(continuing;  
demanding)

Put me closer to the window!

NORMAN

Someone will see you, Mother.

CONTINUED

65

CONTINUED

65

MOTHER

(waspyish)

So? Are you ashamed of me?

Norman moves out of the shadow, twitching and blinking furiously, his stutter more agitated.

NORMAN

You-you know w-why, M-Mother.  
They-They've even written about you  
in the paper...You m-mustn't go near  
the window...I'll pull up the blind  
a little and let in some light.

66

ON MOTHER

66

...as Norman raises the blind. She is in a frilly, old-fashioned nightgown. But the additional lights does not illuminate her face, still shrouded in darkness. Her seated shadow looms against the back wall.

MOTHER

(muttering)

Mustn't indeed. Where are my  
slippers?

67

ON NORMAN

67

...scurrying over from the window.

NORMAN

I'll get them, Mother.

He does. From the foot of the bed. He kneels beside Mother.

68

ON THEIR SHADOWS ON THE WALL

68

...Illuminated in noirish contrast...Norman's huddled over at the foot of Mother's chair, placing the slippers on her feet. The two shadows continue their conversation.

MOTHER (O.S.)

I know why you don't put me there.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Where, Mother?

MOTHER (O.S.)

(harshly)

The window, boy! What do you think  
we were just talking about?

CONTINUED

68

CONTINUED

68

NORMAN (O.S.)

Oh...I forgot.

MOTHER (O.S.)

You weren't listening! You don't put  
me there because you don't want me to  
see what you're up to...But I see,  
anyway. I know!

69

CLOSEUP - NORMAN'S EYES

69

...wide, tortured, terrified....

MOTHER (O.S.)

I can crawl right inside your head.  
I know just what you're thinking.

NORMAN

(crying out)

No!

Camera pulls back sharply as Norman covers his face in his  
hands and sinks to the floor with a groan, his back slumped  
against the bed. His hands come down, revealing an  
anguished mask of despair. He twitches and blinks violently.

NORMAN

(stammer out  
of control)

P-p-please! It-it won't be like  
be-be-before, will it, Mmm-Mother?

(almost  
in tears)

I don't want to go b-back to the  
in-in-insti-institu....

70

ON MOTHER

70

rocking. Her unseen face hovering down on Norman.

MOTHER

You mean the nuthouse, boy?!

71

ANOTHER ANGLE

71

Norman shivers at the word.

NORMAN

(violently)

Don't call it that! It wasn't...  
wasn't...

(petulantly  
accusatory)

It was your fault! I-I went there

CONTINUED

71

CONTINUED

71

NORMAN (Cont'd)  
for the things you did! Those-those  
awful things you did!

With a sobbing sigh, he buries his face in his hands again.

MOTHER

(savagely)

Don't sass me, boy! You know full well  
you did them.

NORMAN

(tortured)

No!...No!...Y-yes! I'm...I'm sss-sorry,  
Mmm-Mother...I...I forget...

(less hysterical,  
calming)

It's confusing sometimes. Just...  
Just don't leave me! I was so...so  
alone...in there without you!

He clutches at her dress, smothering his face in it.

MOTHER

(kindly)

Don't worry. I'm here to watch out  
for you. That's why I came back. To  
protect you. Come, put your head in  
my lap.

Norman does so, a little child again.

MOTHER

Nothing will ever come between us  
again. I promise you nothing!

The camera pans to the shadows on the wall, a son nestled close to his Mother as she gently rocks. Then it pans down to Norman's hand, pushing the rocker up and down. (Note: In this scene and subsequent Norman-Mother scenes, at no time should Norman's full face be seen when Mother is talking.)

DISSOLVE TO

72

INT. MOTEL - OFFICE - CLOSEUP - DUANE'S HAND

72

...as it strums a chord on his guitar. Camera pulls back to Duane, sitting on the office porch, idly strumming his guitar. Norman comes out of the office.

NORMAN

(last minute  
instructions)

I'll be at the diner just down the  
road. S-sure I can't bring you  
anything back?

CONTINUED

72

CONTINUED

72

DUANE

Naw. Enjoy your dinner, Norman.

NORMAN

You're clear on the credit card machine?

DUANE

Yeah...Used to work as a pump jockey.

NORMAN

And the register?

DUANE

No problem.

NORMAN

Remember, the rooms are....

DUANE

...twenty, ninety-five, single;  
twenty-five, ninety-five, double....

NORMAN

(pleased)

Good. You'll do just fine.

73

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

73

The diner is one of those typical, tacky-looking boxes that seem to breed along the Nation's highways. Prefab practicality. Simple design, bright colors, minimal cost. If it had Golden Arches, it could be MacDonald's; a chicken bucket, The Colonel's; a cherubic type in checkered overalls, your neighborhood Big Boy. But the food must be good. A couple of trucks and a police car are among the vehicles parked outside.

74

INT. DINER - DAY

74

The interior of the diner is as undistinguished as its exterior. Bright overhead lights, stainless steel, formica, naughahyde, and no ambiance. You don't bring a date here. Booths line the outside wall, tables, then a counter with stools. In the corner is a pinball machine. Behind the counter is an open portal, providing a limited view of the kitchen. It's midafternoon, after the lunch crowd, before the dinner rush.

A waitress, Myrna (from Psycho II) stands behind the register counting her tips. An Hispanic boy in an apron washes dishes in the kitchen. A young man plays the pinball machine, its zings and zaps the only real noise in the place. An elderly couple sit in a booth, a couple of truckers at a table, a few more patrons along the counter.

75 ON COUNTER

75

Also at the counter sits Sheriff John Hunt (from Psycho II), an overweight, genial, easy-going man, sipping coffee. He's jawing with Ralph Statler (from Psycho II), the cook and owner of the diner. He stands behind the counter, glancing at a newspaper.

STATLER

Still beat the hell out of me.

76 STATLER'S POINT OF VIEW - NEWSPAPER

76

He's focused on the article about Mrs. Spool's disappearance.

STATLER (O.S.)

Just doesn't show up for work one day. Thought you guys would have turned up some clue by now, John.

77 BACK TO SCENE

77

Hunt shrugs as Statler pours him some more coffee.

HUNT

Not a one. Her apartment's all in order. Nothing to indicate anything's wrong. She didn't say anything to her landlord. But why should she?

STATLER

Well, you'd think she'd say something to me if she was just gonna take off work for almost a month. Emma Spool was as regular as clockwork. Don't think she missed a day of work in the seven years I've owned this dump. I just hope nothing serious happened to the old girl.

TRACY (O.S.)

You mean like Norman Bates?

Both Hunt and Statler whirl around on the speaker.

78 ANOTHER ANGLE

78

...revealing Tracy Venable -- a young, intelligent woman, not unattractive but no head-turning beauty. Her cocky aggressiveness seems to overcompensate for lurking insecurities underneath. She smokes a cigarette.

CONTINUED

TRACY

After all, didn't he and Mrs. Spool used to work here together. And rumor has it, he's got a weakness for older women.

HUNT

Well, miss, rumors and innuendo has caused that boy and this town enough trouble. Just what's your interest, anyway?

TRACY

(sliding a stool over)

I drove all the way from L.A. to see him.

HUNT

What about? You another relative of somebody he killed?

TRACY

I don't see that it's really any of your business, Sheriff?

HUNT

The peace of this community is my business, young lady.

TRACY

Well then, until I've broken some law, lay off the third degree, huh?

STATLER

(frown his disapproval)

Why can't you just leave the poor slob alone?

TRACY

What are you guys? His fan club?

HUNT

We just believe in giving people a second chance, lady. What Norman did was a long time ago and he paid the price.

TRACY

Depends on who you ask.

STATLER

Twenty years in the bughouse is paying the price, girlie. I don't care what anybody says. And anyway, the guy's okay now. When he worked here, he was always on time and did his job.

CONTINUED

78

CONTINUED - 2

78

TRACY

Gee, let's make him employee of the month.

STATLER

Go ahead, talk smart, lady, but the guy just wants to be left alone in peace.

HUNT

But some folks can't do that. They just can't forgive and forget.

TRACY

Like Lila Loomis.

HUNT

Yeah, that's right. You wanna talk about fruitcakes. Lila Loomis and her daughter were nuttier than Norman ever was. They deliberately tried to drive Norman crazy again and put him back in an asylum.

TRACY

And a few people ended up dead in the process.

HUNT

That wasn't Norman's fault. The Loomis' murdered those people and tried to pin them on Norman.

TRACY

There was never really concrete evidence to support that theory.

HUNT

(angrily)

It was more than a theory!

79

INT. BATES' BASEMENT - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO II (FLASHBACK)

79

We see Mary Loomis (Meg Tilly) dressed up as Norman's Mother, in a wig and her old clothes, wielding a wicked-looking knife. Norman stands before her, glassy-eyed, the palms of his hands bleeding profusely from stab wounds.

HUNT (V.O.)

...If you had seen Mary Loomis in the end, totally mad, dressed up as Norman's Mother, trying to kill him ...You'd know.

Mary is about to plunge the knife into Norman's heart when the cellar door crashes open and Sheriff Hunt and his deputies pile down the stairs. Deputy Mike Pool shoots the girl down.



80

BACK TO SCENE

80

...as Hunt finishes the story.

HUNT

The girl even killed her own mother.

TRACY

(glibly)

History repeats itself.

HUNT

Look, Norman Bates has had enough  
garbage dumped on him. Just leave  
him....

The Sheriff stops. Something across the room has caught  
his eyes.

HUNT

(finishing  
his  
sentence)

...alone....

Tracy follows the Sheriff's gaze.

81

TRACY'S POINT OF VIEW - DINER ENTRANCE

81

Norman has just entered the diner. He sees the Sheriff and  
Statler and, with a smile and a wave, approaches.

82

ANOTHER ANGLE

82

Norman joins the Sheriff and the others.

NORMAN

(politely)

A-afternoon, Sheriff Hunt,  
Mr. Statler.

HUNT

(a sullen  
glance  
past  
Norman  
to Tracy)

Norman.

STATLER

Hello, Norman.

CONTINUED

NORMAN

(to Statler,  
twitching)  
Any word about M-Mrs. Ss-Spool?

STATLER

Afraid not....

NORMAN

(blandly)  
Oh...I'm sorry to h-hear that.

Tracy eyes Norman curiously. He is conscious of her staring and glances over at her, giving a quick, shy nod and a nervous smile.

STATLER

What'll it be, Norman?

NORMAN

Ah...  
(to Myrna at  
register)  
What do you suggest, Myrna?

MYRNA

(tersely)  
Fasting's a safe bet.

Norman gives a soft laugh and smiles at Statler who's not amused.

STATLER

Stop counting your tips, Myrna, and  
see if those guys over there want  
any more coffee.

He points to the truckers. Myrna shoves her money into her apron and grabs the coffee pot.

STATLER

The chicken-fried steak is good  
today, Norman.

NORMAN

All right...and a glass of milk,  
please.

He goes and sits down in a nearby booth by the window while Statler exits back into the kitchen. Tracy looks over at Hunt, then heads toward Norman. Hunt grabs her arm.

CONTINUED

82

CONTINUED - 2

82

HUNT

I'm warning you. I don't want trouble.

TRACY

Then let go of my arm or I'll holler police brutality.

With a glare, Hunt releases her.

83

ON NORMAN'S BOOTH

83

Myrna sets a glass of milk in front of Norman.

NORMAN

Thanks, Myrna.

Tracy comes up to the booth.

TRACY

Mind if I join you, Mr. Bates?

She sits without waiting for a reply. Norman eyes her suspiciously, wondering how she knows his name, why she wants to sit with him, knowing it can't be anything good. Intimidated by her attractiveness and brazen friendliness.

NORMAN

(smiles with  
stiff  
politeness)

You-you seem to have the advantage of me, Miss...?

TRACY

Venable, Tracy Venable.  
(hands him  
a card)

NORMAN

Coastline Magazine. I...I've read that magazine before.

TRACY

I write for them sometimes. If you don't mind, I'd like to ask you some questions.

Norman's polite smile fades. He's frightened and wary now.

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED

83

NORMAN

I d-do mind.

TRACY

You haven't heard them yet.

NORMAN

I have n-nothing to say.

TRACY

(earnestly)

I think you have a lot to say.  
Look, Mr. Bates.

NORMAN

Norman.

TRACY

I'm doing an article on the insanity defense and the rehabilitation of mentally-ill murderers. A lot of people say they can't be rehabilitated and shouldn't be allowed back on the streets. That there shouldn't be an insanity defense. We always hear the objections of the victims and their relatives. But in a way murderers... murders who can't help themselves... are, victims too. Your point of view would be important to me.

HUNT

(approaching  
the booth)

If this lady's bothering you,  
Norman, I'll have her leave.

Norman looks up at Hunt, then over to Tracy. He shakes his head "no" in answer to the Sheriff's question.

TRACY

(smiles at  
the Sheriff)

Isn't your coffee break about over,  
Sheriff?

Hunt glares at her and walks off. Myrna brings Norman his chicken-fried steak.

MYRNA

Anything else, Norman?

CONTINUED

83

CONTINUED - 2

83

NORMAN

(eyes on  
Tracy)

No-no thank you, Myrna....

She leaves. Norman, staring blankly at Tracy, starts to eat.

TRACY

So what do you think, Norman?

NORMAN

(mouth full)

About what?

TRACY

About what we were just talking. I mean, Norman, you were incarcerated for twenty years....

NORMAN

Tw-twenty-two.

TRACY

Right, twenty-two years you were locked away someplace.

84

CLOSE ON NORMAN

84

Almost trancelike, chewing, concentrating, remembering....

TRACY'S VOICE

(the words echoing  
in Norman's head)

...Locked away someplace....

85

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - ON TRACY

85

She's talking, gesticulating animatedly, but we do not hear her words. The only words we hear are those reverberating in Norman's head.

TRACY (V.O.)

Locked away someplace...someplace...  
Someplace...someplace....

Another voice intrudes -- Norman's -- uttering fragments of old conversations, old thoughts, old torments (dialogue from Psycho)....

CONTINUED

85

CONTINUED

85

NORMAN (V.O.)

...an institution? A madhouse?  
People always call a madhouse  
'someplace'...Have you ever seen the  
inside of one of those places? The  
laughter and the tears and the cruel  
eyes studying you....

86

BACK TO SCENE

86

Norman chews his food, staring at Tracy. She's been talking rapidly the whole while Norman's been in his dark daydreams. During the ensuing dialogue, several interesting things are taking place in the b.g. outside. Through the booth window next to Norman and Tracy, we see Sheriff Hunt, with a glance at the window, get in his car and drive off. As he does, a truck pulls up and lets off a hitchhiker -- Maureen, looking very road-weary. Clothes wrinkled, mud splattered on both them and her suitcase. Tired, frightened, and alone, she lugs her case and heads for the diner entrance.

TRACY

(has been  
talking the  
entire time  
Norman was  
lost in  
memory)

...the state says you're sane...you've  
paid your debt, then Lila Loomis  
starts to persecute you....

Norman drinks his milk. It leaves a "mustache" on his lip.

NORMAN

I...I k-killed her sister.

TRACY

Yes, Marion Crane, right?

NORMAN

(remembering  
back)

R-right.

87

FLASHBACK - CLOSEUP OF MARION CRANE - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO

87

It's not Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) from the shower scene.  
This is a living, unthreatened Marion. Perhaps one of

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

those moments when she's chatting with Norman in the parlor. Her lovely features composed and relaxed -- the large, attractive eyes with their long lashes, the short hair, the dark, striking eyebrows....

88 BACK TO SCENE

88

TRACY

But that was twenty years ago.

NORMAN

Twenty-two.

TRACY

Whatever. A long time for someone to harbor revenge. Aren't you the least bitter about what Lila Loomis tried to do to you?

NORMAN

(low, even  
voice)

I understand. My cure couldn't cure the hurt I caused. My return to sanity didn't return the dead. There's no way to make up that loss. The past, Miss Venable, is never really p-past. It stays with us all the time. And the pain...And no matter how hard you try, you can't really escape. No matter how hard. It's always there, throbbing inside you, coloring your perception of the world...and...and sometimes controlling it....

TRACY

But that's my point, Norman, you're not without conscience. You live with guilt and torment. You punish yourself all the time. Why does the rest of society have to? Take Mrs. Spool's disappearance?

Norman is startled by the mention of Spool. He twitches, blinks spasmodically.

NORMAN

W-why?

TRACY

Well, what if some well-meaning citizen got the idea you had something to do with it?

CONTINUED

88

CONTINUED - 2

88

NORMAN

(nervously)

I didn't.

TRACY

No...no, of course, you didn't. But  
what if someone thought you had....

NORMAN

Why shou...should they?

TRACY

Because of the past....

Norman's eyes dart back and forth, wandering in aimless  
fear, suddenly locking on something as Tracy drones on....

89

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAUREEN

89

has timidly entered the diner, camera zooms in close.

90

ON NORMAN

90

his brows arch in shocked surprise. Fear...panicked  
fear...fires his eyes. Tracy's voice seems very far away,  
almost indistinct...drowned out by the sharp staccato  
Bernard Herrman violin strings that punctuate the famous  
Psycho shower scene.

TRACY (O.S.)

...your past, their past opinions,  
past events, past ways of thinking...  
all that past you say we can't  
escape....

91

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - CLOSE ON MAUREEN

91

Norman's gaze intently studies her face, the wide, open  
eyes, their long rich lashes, the dark brows above, the  
short blonde hair.

92

FLASHBACK - CLOSEUP - MARION CRANE - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO

92

...in the motel parlor...her face so lovely and alive....

93

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAUREEN

93

Now we understand Norman's panic. It's the first time  
we've really noticed it. Maureen looks stunningly like  
Marion Crane!



94 FLASHBACK - CLOSEUP OF MARION CRANE - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO 94

Marion, quite dead, "lying half in, half out of the tub, the head tumbled over, touching the floor, the hair wet, one eye wide open, as if popped, one arm lying limp and wet along the tile floor.

95 ON MAUREEN 95

...gazing meekly about the diner....

96 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW - NORMAN 96

She catches Norman's glance...his stare, actually...fixed, unrelenting...unnerving....

97 ON MAUREEN 97

With a slight shiver, she breaks her gaze and, setting her suitcase down, sits on the counter stool nearest the register.

MAUREEN

(to Myrna)

Coffee, please.

98 BACK ON NORMAN AND TRACY 98

...Norman, tense, tortured, still staring...Tracy's words become distinguishable, audible.

TRACY

...so you see, Norman, Mrs. Spool's absence could become just like the Loomis mess...Wild accusations... illogical hysteria....

The camera pans down to Norman's plate. He clutches his knife tightly in a stabbing grip and instead of cutting his meat in the Norman fashion, jabs the blade downward into it, slashing jaggedly through the chicken-fried steak and gravy, scraping gratingly on the plate.

Camera pans back up on the pair, as Tracy observes Norman's peculiar carving methods with cool suspicion.

CONTINUED

98

CONTINUED

98

TRACY

I'm not upsetting you, am I, Norman?  
All this talk about Mrs. Spool is  
only hypothetical. I was just using  
her as an example of how some people,  
given your past history, might tend  
to automatically blame you for any  
murder in the area....

Norman turns sharply to Tracy on the word, "murder." He  
stares at her wildly.

NORMAN

Are you?

Tense anxiety wavers in his voice. Tracy pauses, uneasy  
under Norman's searching gaze.

TRACY

(calm,  
measured  
tones)

Don't be silly. After all, no one  
even knows for sure what happened to  
Mrs. Spool. She could be perfectly  
all right.

NORMAN

(intensely)

Of course, she's all right.

Norman saws through his meat, sloshing gravy on his shirt.  
He twitches, looks over at Tracy who stares curiously  
back. He drops his utensils on the plate and rises.

TRACY

You're not going, are you, Norman?

NORMAN

Yes.

TRACY

(points to  
his plate)

What about your lunch?

NORMAN

I've f-finished.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED - 2

98

TRACY

I'd like to talk to you again.

Norman's head jerks nervously. She calmly lights a cigarette, surveying him coolly. He turns and awkwardly dashes for the exit, as he nears the door his eye alights on Maureen's suitcase -- where they notice something peculiar.

99 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAUREEN'S SUITCASE

99

...the initials, "M.C.", loom up before his eyes....

100 BACK TO SCENE

100

Norman's eyes widen in disbelief and his mouth soundlessly forms the words, "Marion Crane." He jerks his head up -- face to face with Maureen.

101 SUBLIMINAL FLASHBACK - MAUREEN

101

In flashback black and white, we see the same grisly memory that Norman flashed on earlier -- Marion Crane "lying half in, half out of the tub." The left side of her face pressed against the cold tile. Her right eye, staring lifelessly out at us. Only it isn't Marion Crane! It's Maureen! Lying there in the exact same grim pose from twenty-two years ago. Maureen lying there dead in the motel bathtub.

102 BACK TO SCENE

102

...as Maureen, caught staring, turns away embarrassed. Norman simultaneously jerks spasmodically away, in panicked agitation, running smack into...Myrna who holds up his check.

MYRNA

Weren't going to stiff us, were you,  
Norman?

NORMAN

Oh!

He gropes in his pocket for money. His head twitching, he hands Myrna several crumpled bills, then hurriedly bolts out the door.

103 EXT. DINER - DAY

103

...as Norman hurriedly rushes away. The camera pans to the diner window, to Tracy in the booth, watching Norman's agitated flight, puffing her cigarette in curious contemplation.

104 INT. DINER - COUNTER

104

Myrna refills Maureen's coffee cup.

MAUREEN

Thank you...Could you tell me, is there an inexpensive place to spend the night around here?

105 EXT. BATES HOUSE - DAY

105

The sun is setting behind the austere house on the hill. Camera pans in toward the front upstairs window -- Mother's window. As it moves closer, Norman is detected inside, huddled on the floor, back against the bed, knees pulled to his chest. His head slumped down on them. He is sobbing.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Stop your whining, boy! All this fuss over nothing!

106 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

106

The room is grey and drab in the fleeing daylight, as though a shroud had been pulled over it. Mother, ensconced in her rocker, her face veiled in the dusky shadows, rocks back and forth in front of her distressed son, seated at her feet.

Norman gazes up at her, his face wet with tears, lips trembling, and his head twitching violently.

NORMAN

N-not n-nothing. I saw her! Even the initials on her suitcase...'Mmmm-M.C. Mmmm-Marion C-C-Crane!

He clutches at his head, burying his face in his hands. Mother rocks back and forth, but never far enough forward for her face to be caught in the last dwindling rays of sunlight.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

106

MOTHER

(disgusted)

Hmph! Just another of your cheap, erotic delusions out of your cheap, erotic imagination. You killed her. The slut deserved it. But she's dead and the dead don't come back.

Norman stares up at her, feverishly afraid.

NORMAN

Y-you came b-back.

107 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

107

...Mother looms over him, like a hawk over its prey.

MOTHER

(laughs)

Ha! Another of your perverted fancies, boy! I never went away, don't you know that by now. You can't get rid of me. I'll always be with you, Norman. Always.

108 BACK TO SCENE

108

Norman sinks his head down on his knees again with sighed sob.

MOTHER

Stop it, you weakling! Sit up straight and wipe your snotty little nose! If the disgusting little whore is going to upset you so much, just get rid of her.

Norman jerks his head up shocked.

NORMAN

No!

109 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MOTHER

109

...seeming so large, so high above him....

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

MOTHER

Then maybe I will....

She rocks...back and forth...back and forth....

110 INT. BATES MOTEL - OFFICE

110

Duane sits behind the desk, chair tilted back against the wall on two legs. He idly strums his guitar. Then a customer enters -- Maureen. He is as startled to see her as she is him. He regains his composure first, however, his easy smile sliding on his lips as he brings the chair back down on all four legs and glides up out of it in the same motion, setting down his guitar.

DUANE

(glad to  
see her)

Hello, Angel.

Maureen stares at him in confused hesitancy.

MAUREEN

You're...working here?

DUANE

(shrugs good-  
naturedly)

Called suffering for one's art.

The dismay falls across Maureen's face. Her lower lip trembles and tears well up in her eyes as she heads for the door. Duane runs around the desk to stop her.

DUANE

Hey! Hey! Don't go!

She jerks away from him as he approaches.

DUANE

(kindly)

Look, I'm sorry about last night. I was a little road weary and had an attack of macho stud...Glad to see you didn't drown....

Despite his flashing, reassuring smile, Duane's apology doesn't really put her at ease.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

DUANE

You won't find another place close.  
You don't really need to....

Maureen looks up at him, debating it. But does she really have a choice?

MAUREEN

(wearily)

I'm very tired.

Duane leads her gently to the desk and pushes the registration book toward her.

DUANE

Then sign in...And don't worry,  
huh? I promise you, aside from  
acute boredom, nothing will happen to  
you here....

111 EXT. BATES HOUSE - DAY

111

Norman, disturbed, exits the house, anxiously descending the steps down the hill, headed for the motel.

112 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - CLOSEUP - REGISTRATION BOOK

112

...as Maureen finishes signing her name, "Maureen Coyle."  
Camera pans back as Duane turns the book around, examining the name written there.

DUANE

Maureen Coyle, huh?

MAUREEN

(cooly, opening  
her purse)

How much?

DUANE

For a single...twenty-five dollars  
and ninety-five cents plus tax.

Maureen pulls out several wet, crumpled bills and hands a few to Duane. One is a five dollar bill, slightly torn on one corner. Duane takes the money and rings up the sale on the register.

113 ON DUANE'S HANDS

113

...as he palms the fiver that he deliberately overcharged her.

114 BACK TO SCENE

114

Duane hands Maureen her change, then goes to the keyboard.

DUANE

Guess you'll want a room as far from  
me as possible.

115 EXT. MOTEL OFFICE

115

As Norman is coming in, he bumps right into Maureen coming out, knocking her key from her hand. Without even looking at her, he quickly stoops over to retrieve the dropped key.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry.

NORMAN

No...my fault...Wasn't looking where  
I was....

He picks up the key, notices it is number one.

NORMAN

(continuing;  
finishing  
his sentence)  
...going....

MAUREEN

Thank you.

She holds out her hand for it. Norman doesn't respond; he stares blankly at the key.

MAUREEN

May I have it, please?

Norman looks up at her for the first time. They both recognize each other. Still crouched on the ground, Norman stares up at her with a strange glazed look, like one of his stuffed birds.

MAUREEN

May I have it.

Norman rises, his back sliding up the office wall, his eyes never leaving her face. He holds the key out to her gingerly, dropping it in her waiting palm, as though her touch might be fire.

CONTINUED



115 CONTINUED

115

MAUREEN

Thank you.

She goes to her room and opens the door, glancing uneasily back at a frozen Norman one final time, then disappearing inside. As the door clicks shut, Norman stands there at rigid attention, staring at the closed door.

116 INT. MAUREEN'S CABIN

116

Maureen sinks her back against the door, clutching her suitcase, and examines the modest confines of the room. She closes her eyes and heaves a sigh...whether out of relief or fear for her muddled, uncertain future we cannot be sure.

117 INT. MOTEL OFFICE

117

...as Norman barges in....

DUANE

Hey, Norman business is booming....

Norman pushes past Duane and frantically checks the registration book.

118 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - REGISTRATION BOOK

118

He sees "Maureen Coyle" written there.

119 BACK TO SCENE

119

Norman slams the book shut, quivering with tense agitation and fear. Duane eyes him curiously.

NORMAN

You gave her cabin one!

DUANE

So..? She paid her twenty, ninety-five.  
Is there something special about One?  
I'm sorry if I did something wrong...I  
meant well....

Norman is embarrassed, realizing how eccentric and hysterical his behavior must seem. His anger subsides as suddenly as it came, abruptly and completely.

CONTINUED

119

CONTINUED

119

NORMAN

Of...of course, you meant well.  
It's...it's no problem....

DUANE

Is there something about One I  
should know?

Pause.

NORMAN

No...

(another pause)

I...I just haven't quite finished  
the renovations in there.

DUANE

Well, I'll move her to another room.

NORMAN

No!..no...it's all right...Don't  
worry...In fact, don't worry about  
anything...Why don't you take the  
rest of the day off.

DUANE

But I haven't even worked four hours  
yet.

NORMAN

It's all right. It's your first  
day...I'll take the rest of your  
shift...I've some...work...to do in  
here anyway....

Duane looks bewildered, but he's not inclined to work any  
harder than he has to.

DUANE

(shrugs)

You're the boss.

120

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM - BATHROOM - CLOSEUP - SHOWER CURTAIN

120

Camera focuses on a plastic shower curtain. We hear water  
running. Camera pans to the sink, where Maureen is washing  
her face. She dries herself with a towel, sadly examining  
the weary but pretty features in the mirror. Below the  
mirror, on the accessory ledge, sits an extra roll of  
toilet paper, the little bars of soap, and a little packet  
of complimentary toilet articles -- toothbrush, toothpaste,  
nail file, razor blades....

Maureen slings the towel on the rack and exits into the  
room.

121 INT. MAUREEN'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM 121

Maureen sits on one of the double beds. Her suitcase also sits there. She glances aimlessly about.

122 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW - NIGHT STAND 122

Her roving eye falls on the Gideon Bible on the night stand.

123 FLASHBACK - NUNNERY BELL TOWER 123

...as Sister Margaret plummets downward past the clanging bells....

124 BACK ON MAUREEN 124

...staring at the Bible in solemn despair, the bells still tolling in her mind.

MARGARET (V.O.)

You have an obligation to God.

MAUREEN (V.O.)

I failed Him.

MARGARET (V.O.)

You must have faith....

MAUREEN (V.O.)

I have none....

CATHERINE (V.O.)

You'll burn in hell for this!

The memory voices start to overlap, weaving a vocal montage, accompanied by the ringing church bells.

VOICES

(of Margaret,  
Maureen, and  
Catherine all  
together)

The doubts...Burn in hell...You must  
have faith...the doubts...the doubts  
...Have faith...the doubts...Failed  
Him! Burn in hell! Burn in hell!  
Obligation to God...Failed! Failed!  
You'll burn in hell! Burn in Hell!

The bells and the voices reach a jumbled discordant crescendo. Maureen clutches at her head as though she would rip the voices and the bitter memories out. They stop. Maureen falls back on the bed limply in a flood of tears and racking, heaving sobs.

125 EXT. BATES HOUSE - STAIRWAY UP THE HILL - DUSK

125

Maureen is not the only one plagued with uncomfortable memories. Halfway up the hill, Norman sits on the stairs in the twilight grey, his knees huddled to his chest, his arms wrapped tightly about his legs, his long shadow tumbling down the steps in front of him. The camera pulls in close on him as he sits there in tortured reverie, brows knitted, cheek muscles flinching, halfway between his twin demons, the house and the motel, Mother and the woman in Cabin One, Scylla and Chrybdis.

126 EXT. FAREVALE HOTEL - NIGHT

126

Music is heard coming from the hotel bar.

127 INT. HOTEL BAR

127

Duane sits at the bar of the hotel club, drinking a beer, checking out the action in the place -- there's not a lot. The club, with its decor and music, is obviously trying to attract a young singles crowd. The patrons may be young and single, but their sparsity hardly constitute a crowd. Duane's eyes rove the dance floor where a few couples boogie...bouncing buns and boobs.

Duane enjoys the view. He lights a cigarette, glancing down the bar. He enjoys this view too. Tracy sits there a few stools down, sipping a martini. Duane's charming smile oozes onto his lips and he and his beer slide over a couple of stools next to Tracy.

DUANE

Hi. I'm Duane.

Tracy eyes him with bored disapproval.

TRACY

It figures.

She turns away, ignoring him, sipping her drink. Duane is momentarily shaken, not used to getting rebuffed so matter-of-factly. But he charges once more into the breach when she takes out a cigarette, jumping to light it from the matchbook he carries.

He holds out a lighted match for her, grinning in his charmingly smarmy manner. She stares indifferently at him, sticking her cigarette into the flame.

CONTINUED

127

CONTINUED

127

TRACY

Not too stubborn, are you?

DUANE

(in his best  
lounge lizard)

Just trying to fire you up.

TRACY

Not too subtle either.

DUANE

You got some objection to a guy  
trying to buy you a drink?

TRACY

I got a drink.

DUANE

So have another. You got a limit?

TRACY

Only to my patience.

DUANE

You don't have to call me Duane, if  
you don't like.

TRACY

Don't have to call you at all.

DUANE

(undaunted)

Friends call me Duke.

Tracy raises a disbelieving eyebrow and suppresses a laugh. Duane is out of his league here, but hasn't quite figured it out yet. He mistakes her amusement for friendliness.

TRACY

I had a dog named Duke once....

DUANE

Yeah...Well, scratch my belly, my  
leg will shake.

TRACY

...I hated the mutt.

Duane's ego cries uncle. With a frown, he rises and tosses the matchbook at her.

DUANE

Keep the matches, lady, you need  
'em. You're about as warm as a cry  
for help.

Tracy notices the matchbook cover.

128 TRACY'S POINT OF VIEW - MATCHBOOK

128

"BATES MOTEL" is printed on the cover of the matchbook.

129 BACK TO SCENE

129

TRACY

(to the  
retreating  
Duane)

Hey, just a minute, Duk...ah, no...  
Duane.

DUANE

(turns and  
smiles)

Whatever, I'm easy.

TRACY

I've noticed.

(pointed  
to matches)

You staying there?

DUANE

Working there.

TRACY

(pleased)

Even better. Sit down, Duane...I'll  
buy you a drink.

Duane sits down, leering with satisfaction.

130 INT. MOTEL PARLOR - NIGHT - CLOSEUP - STUFFED OWL

130

The large owl above the desk fills the screen -- its wings still spread, its head still cocked. The camera pans downward to -- Norman, seated at the desk, directly underneath the owl. He has brought some of his taxidermy work to the office. With small-blade knife, Norman is packing down sawdust into the empty chest cavity of one of the birds he disemboweled earlier today. His head cocks to one side as he works -- a grotesque parody of the bird of prey above him. Except unlike the unmoving owl, Norman twitches sporadically, uneasily.

Then, faintly, we hear the sound of running water. Norman hears it too. He abruptly stops his work, listening. The sound of the water becomes more distinct.

CONTINUED

- 130 CONTINUED 130
- Norman rises, going to the wall and removing a bird picture hanging there. Behind it is a peephole. The sliver of light from the other side seeps in and across Norman's face. He puts his eye to the hole. The tiny circle of light accentuates his eyeball in the dimness of the parlor.
- 131 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAUREEN'S ROOM 131
- The door of the bathroom is opened. A bath is being drawn. Maureen is undressing in the front room. She is in a full slip.
- 132 ON NORMAN 132
- He blinks, twitches....
- 133 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - CABIN ONE - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO (FLASHBACK) 133
- Marion Crane is undressing. She is in her bra and half slip. She begins to unhook her bra.
- 134 BACK ON NORMAN 134
- ...perspiring, a jerking mass of nervous tics....
- 135 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAUREEN'S ROOM - CLOSE ON MAUREEN'S FEET 135
- The slip and a bra lay on the floor at Maureen's feet. Her panties are at her ankles and she steps out of them. Norman's eyes pan up her totally naked, well-formed body as she exits into the bathroom.
- 136 ON NORMAN 136
- ...turning from the peephole, not bothering to replace the picture. He goes and sits back at the desk, strangely composed, a fixed, hard expression on his face. He picks up his dead bird in one hand and the knife in the other. The water is still running next door. Norman hears it. He flinches, his grip on his taxidermy knife tightens. The water sounds so loud. So loud. Norman, with a sharp, short cry of anguish, makes a convulsive jerk with the knife, neatly slicing off the head of the bird he holds.

137

INT. HOTEL BAR - ON TRACY AND DUANE

137

Tracy and Duane are ensconced in a booth. Duane takes a slug of beer.

DUANE

Geeze...I knew Bates was a geek, but a full-fledged looney-tune...You think he offed this Spool broad?

TRACY

(shrugs)

Honestly don't know. He acted pretty weird when I brought it up this afternoon, but then Norman's a pretty weird-acting guy.

DUANE

No shit.

TRACY

Then you'll help me out?

DUANE

You'll pay me for any info?

TRACY

Anything I can use.

DUANE

Sounds like easy money to me.

(remembering  
suddenly)

Say, I bet that's why he got so shook up this afternoon.

TRACY

What do you mean?

DUANE

I checked this girl in this afternoon ...nice looker too...and put her in the cabin right next to the office. When old Norman saw her, he sorta freaked...Guess he was strolling down memory lane....

He laughs. Tracy doesn't. She drops a ten dollar bill in front of him. Duane stops laughing and looks at the ten-spot.

TRACY

(rising to  
leave)

Just earned yourself some money, bright-eyes.

CONTINUED



137 CONTINUED

137

DUANE

Leaving so soon.

TRACY

Afraid so.

DUANE

(holding up  
the ten)

Wouldn't rather work some of this  
off in trade.

He leers suggestively up at her. Tracy, insulted, eyes him  
with furious indignation.

TRACY

(coldly)

I don't come that cheap.

DUANE

I'll credit your account.

TRACY

(contemptuously)

Shouldn't rely so much on that  
pretty face and those pearly whites,  
'cause come-ons like that could get  
them both punched out. And then  
you'd be left with only your charm.

She exits in a huff. Duane, disgruntled, pockets the ten  
and sips his beer, scanning the room.

138 DUANE'S POINT OF VIEW

138

He notices a table of three girls, also checking out the  
meat. A busty redhead catches Duane's eye and smiles.

139 ON DUANE

139

He smiles back at the redhead, raising his beer in a salute.

140 INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

140

The front room is dark, though a triangle of light spills  
out on the floor from the partially opened bathroom door.  
The bath water is still running. Maureen's undergarments  
still lay on the floor where she dropped them. The  
suitcase still lay unopened on the bed. Beyond the  
bathroom door, we see that the shower curtain is drawn  
about the tub. Above the running water, we hear a click.

## 141 LOW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF ROOM DOOR

141

The door to the motel room is slowly creeping open. As it swings in, the hem of a skirt appears! A pair of old lady's orthopedic shoes step into the room and stealthily scuttle across the room.

## 142 INTRUDER'S POINT OF VIEW

142

The "intruder's" destination is obvious -- the bathroom. "She" moves toward the light, to the sound of the running water, surreptitiously gliding across the darkened room.

## 143 ANGLE ON MAUREEN'S CLOTHES

143

...her slip, bra, and panties discarded on the floor in a crumpled heap. The orthopedic shoes come into view, stopping at the pile of under things. A hand, shadowed by the frilly cuff on the wrist, reaches into frame, picks up Maureen's panties and disappears out of view with them. We hear a ripping, shredding sound. Then the panties fall back into frame. Or rather what's left of them. They have been slashed to ribbons with some sort of sharp instrument! The orthopedic shoes move on, heading for the bathroom.

## 144 INTRUDER'S POINT OF VIEW

144

She enters the bathroom, gazing at the mirror over the sink. Its steamed-up foggy glass gives no clear view of the intruder. The "eyes" rove the room, spying the bag of complimentary toilet items ripped open with its spilled contents lying on the john lid. The packet of razor blades has been opened.

The intruder's attention turns once more to the shower curtain as her hand reaches out for it.

The hand, shadowed by the frilly lace cuff, grasps the shower curtain and rips it aside. Her point of view swivels in search of her victim and we catch a glimpse of her other hand, clutching a knife -- its broad blade glinting in the harsh light of the room. Her point of view shoots downward to the tub below finding...Maureen...lying naked in a tub of crimson water!

The girl has slashed her wrists, with a razor blade that now lies on the edge of the tub. The faucet still runs and the bloody water has almost reached the rim of the tub. Maureen's head slumps to one side. She is conscious -- but barely. At the sound of the ripping curtain, she tilts her head sluggishly upward, gazing through glazed, half-closed eyes.

145 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW 145

It is blurred, hazy. In the blaze of blank white light stands the figure of a woman, the details of her features are indistinguishable. Her arms are outstretched. One of them holds a bright, shiny metallic object.

146 CLOSEUP - THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN MARY (FLASHBACK) 146

We see the statue of the Virgin, the one from Maureen's room in the convent, arms outstretched, one holding aloft a crucifix.

147 ON MAUREEN 147

...mumbling weakly....

MAUREEN  
Mary, Mary, forgive me!

148 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW 148

...on the blurry female figure hovering above her, silhouetted by a bright halo of light that, in her semiconscious state, looks so like the statue of the Virgin she remembers...right down to the shiny crucifix she holds.

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
Holy Mother, forgive me....

DISSOLVE TO

149 INT. HOSPITAL - MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW 149

In the gauzy, distorted haze of Maureen's semiconsciousness another female figure is observed -- shadowy, indistinct, but posed much like the previous figure, arms outstretched. There is something different about the room. It's not the motel bathroom. We hear the muffled groan of someone coming to. It is Maureen.

MAUREEN (O.S.)  
Forgive me, Mary.

The vague figure and the sketchy surroundings slowly come into focus. The woman is a nun, checking blood transfusion equipment at the side of the bed. The room is white, institutional, and sterile looking.

150 ANOTHER ANGLE 150

The nun hovers over Maureen's hospital bed. The girl lies

CONTINUED

150

CONTINUED

150

there, wrists bandaged, hooked up to the blood transfusion apparatus, a tube running from her arm to the plastic blood bag, the rich red liquid seeping down the length of the tube.

Maureen is transfixed on the nun, apparently a nurse, who reaches out to feel her head. Maureen instinctively resists, turning her face away only to confront a priest who sits in a chair beside the bed. This is Father Brian Payne, a friendly faced, slightly overweight priest, not quite in his forties. He smiles down at Maureen.

MAUREEN

Where am I?

FATHER BRIAN

Saint Matthews Hospital. I'm Father Brian.

MAUREEN

Did...did they send for you because I'm going to die?

FATHER BRIAN

I work here. I'm the resident psychiatrist.

MAUREEN

(glances away)

Oh...you...you want to know why, don't you?

FATHER BRIAN

(kindly)

In good time. First I want to know how you are. You're lucky to be alive.

MAUREEN

(quiet emptiness)

Am I?

Father Brian gazes sympathetically at her.

FATHER BRIAN

Do you know who saved you?

MAUREEN

(remembering)

Mary...the Virgin Mary....

FATHER BRIAN

Well, I'm sure she had a hand in it, but there was someone else.

Maureen looks up at him curiously.

151

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ON NORMAN

151

Norman stands in a cold white hospital hallway. Fluorescent lights glare down harshly on him. The antiseptic sterileness of his environment sends a chill down his spine. He twitches nervously.

NORMAN (V.O.)

(dialogue from

Psycho)

An institution? A madhouse!

Norman nervously flinches from the memory echoing in his head.

HUNT (O.S.)

You oughta be read proud, Norman.

Camera pulls back as Norman turns to see Sheriff Hunt pat him on the back. In the hall with them is Tracy Venable, idly smoking a cigarette.

TRACY

Indeed. It was very heroic of you, Norman. Glad I managed to be on hand.

HUNT

(skeptically)

Yeah... I'm not quite clear on all that. Just how do you happen to be here?

She beams a tight, tense smile at Hunt. The pair eye each other cagily. Norman stands timidly between them, his eyes roving from one to the other, as though he were watching a Ping-Pong match. And, in a way, he is.

TRACY

Wish I could say it was a good reporter's instinct. But it was just dumb luck, I'm afraid. I happened to be driving by the motel, saw the ambulance leaving there, and decided to follow it and see what was up.

HUNT

Must have been disappointed when you found out.

TRACY

There's one thing I still haven't found out. How did Norman find out?

CONTINUED

151

CONTINUED

151

The question's addressed to Hunt, but she's looking at Norman. But Hunt answers.

HUNT

Towels.

TRACY

Towels?

NORMAN

Towels.

HUNT

He was bringing some fresh towels to her room. I do know my job, Ms. Venable. I ask the right questions.

Before Tracy can reply, she's interrupted by the arrival of Father Brian.

FATHER BRIAN

Oh, Mr. Bates, she'd like to see you.

NORMAN

Me? W-why?

FATHER BRIAN

To thank you, I expect.

Father Brian gently coaxes a reluctant Norman from his chair.

FATHER BRIAN

(to the others)

Would you excuse us?

HUNT

Not at all. On my way out, anyway.

Father Brian leads an uncertain Norman off down the hall. Tracy watches him go, puffing her cigarette. Hunt grabs her arm and whirls her around to face him.

HUNT

Just happened to be driving past the motel, eh?

TRACY

(calmly blows  
cigarette smoke)

That's right, Sheriff. Any law against it?

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED - 2

151

HUNT

Norman saving that girl's life tonight oughta prove he isn't any crazed killer. You wanna story, Ms. Reporter, print that one.

TRACY

I thought you were on your way out, Sheriff.

HUNT

Leave that boy alone, or I'll be on you like stink on shit.

He storms off down the hall.

152 INT. MAUREEN'S HOSPITAL BED

152

The door opens and Norman steps into the room. His eyes warily inspect the room, the garish fluorescent light bouncing off blindingly white walls.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

You're the one who found me?

153 ANOTHER ANGLE

153

...as Norman jerks his head in Maureen's direction. She is somewhat surprised to find the peculiar man from the motel her savior.

MAUREEN

Mr. Bates?

NORMAN

(politely)

Norman.

MAUREEN

Norman...I'm Maureen Coyle.

NORMAN

Yes, I know. The registration book....

He walks over to her, still nervous and edgy, constantly looking about him, tripping back to his institution days. Catching Maureen examining him curiously, he smiles sheepishly.

NORMAN

Hospitals, you know...  
(twitches)

CONTINUED

153

CONTINUED

153

MAUREEN

Looks like I'll have to stay here a few days for observation...I guess it's better than where I almost was though.

There is an uncomfortable pause. Norman stares at her sympathetically. She, embarrassed, gazes down at her sheets.

MAUREEN

Thank you for rescuing me.

Norman shyly nods.

MAUREEN

Can I ask you a question?..Why?

Norman is taken aback by the question at first, then smiles feebly...a slight nervous titter....

NORMAN

(good-naturedly)

I can't have that sort of thing going on in my motel. Gives the place a bad name.

He instantly regrets his levity, sitting down contritely next to Maureen.

NORMAN

I'm sorry...that was-was out of place...I....

MAUREEN

(smiles)

It's all right.

NORMAN

(still  
apologizing)

Please, don't take it the wrong way, Marion...I-I'm sorry, I mean Maureen ...I just....

MAUREEN

(pleasantly,  
soothingly)

It's all right, Norman.

She calms him, smiles at him. He smiles back in his best boyish Gary Cooper style.

CONTINUED



153

CONTINUED - 2

153

MAUREEN

(slight laugh)

I guess I did leave the bathroom a mess.

NORMAN

(twitches,  
smiles)

I've...I've seen it worse.

MAUREEN

(seriously)

I'm sorry to be such a bother.

NORMAN

(politely  
protesting)

You're no bother...no b-bother at all...

(pause)

After all, people should look out for each other, don't you think?

MAUREEN

Yes, I do.

Maureen smiles warmly at Norman, finding him rather gentle and endearing.

NORMAN

I mean...we sometimes get...lost... and if there had only been someone looking out for us...to help us to understand...or...or...just not to hurt us...perhaps, we wouldn't do some of the sad...sad, awful things they do....

MAUREEN

(touched)

You're very sweet.

Norman gazes sadly at her, devouring the kindness he sees in her eyes. His head jerks nervously. He's feeling self-conscious. He awkwardly rises.

NORMAN

I should be getting back...

(moving to  
the door)

I'll keep your suitcase and things for you until you're out....

CONTINUED

153 CONTINUED - 3

153

MAUREEN

Will you come visit me again?

NORMAN

(surprised by  
the request)

Do...do you want me to?

MAUREEN

Very much.

NORMAN

(hesitantly)

All right.

(more  
confidently,  
delighted by  
the prospect)

Yes! Of course.

He starts to leave. She calls after him, stopping him.

MAUREEN

Norman!..Thank you for looking out  
for me....

He nods shyly and exits.

154 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ON NORMAN

154

...moving down the hall, smiling. His smile broadens. He good-naturedly slaps a fist in his palm in gleeful triumph. Then he stops, struck by a thought, and races back up the hall.

155 INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM

155

As Norman sticks his head back in the door, smiling his big, silly, almost sappy grin, taking Maureen by surprise.

NORMAN

I'm glad you're all right.

MAUREEN

Well, not quite. Or I wouldn't be  
here.

NORMAN

At...at least you're safe.

He exits, closing the door behind him.

156 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSEUP - NORMAN

156

...his head resting on the door as it clicks shut. His sad eyes suddenly turn hard as he savagely whips around.

NORMAN

You were down there, weren't you,  
Mother...Weren't you?!

Camera pulls back to reveal we are in....

157 INT. BATES HOUSE - MOTHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

157

Norman is trembling, aquiver with angry, yet frightened, tension. The room is dimly lit. Mother, masked in darkness, sits in her rocker, saying nothing....

NORMAN

I'm glad she didn't die. I'm glad!

He turns, back to camera, and starts to storm off.

MOTHER

(calmly,  
shrouded in  
darkness)

She will.

Norman spins back around, his eyes wild with fright.

158 EXT. BATES MOTEL - NIGHT

158

Duane's ramshackle Buick comes screeching and sliding to a halt in front of the office. He gets out and moves to the passenger side. The door opens before he gets there and someone climbs out. It's the redhead...henchforth Red...he was leering at in the bar. She sidles up to him and kisses him. This romantic interlude is interrupted by voices from up the hill.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Don't you touch her! Don't you  
touch her!

MOTHER (O.S.)

Don't sass me, boy!

DUANE

What the...?

He looks up the hill. The house looms like a grim sentinel of the dark. A dim light glows from Mother's room. Red nestles up to Duane, her hands roving over his muscular body.

CONTINUED

158

CONTINUED

158

RED

Sure likes his TV up loud, doesn't he?

Her fingers slip down the front of his pants, and Duane, hearing no more sounds, turns back to the matter at hand.

DUANE

(smiles  
at Red)

Yeah, come on....

He leads her across the parking lot to his cabin.

159

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM

159

Norman stares out the window.

160

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MOTEL PARKING LOT

160

Duane and Red walk toward Duane's cabin, the flashing light of the motel sign intermittently lancing across them.

MOTHER (O.S.)

How dare you speak to me that way!

161

BACK TO SCENE

161

...as Norman whirls around to her.

NORMAN

Sssh! Mother! They'll hear us.

He turns away from the camera to close the window.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Let them...Let them hear how you  
talk to your mother, you nasty boy!

The window slams shut.

162

INT. DUANE'S CABIN

162

The light of the neon motel sign flashes on and off, penetrating a curtained picture window and illuminating the room in a flickering cascade of light and shadow. The jittery rays beam across Duane and Red, both naked in bed below the window. Duane is on top, braced up on his forearms, his muscles rippling, glistening with sweat as he works with the cold, detached precision of a well-oiled piston engine. Red grabs and claws at his sides, her ample breasts jostling as she thrashes beneath her lover. She's a moaner.

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

162

As the pair grunt and sweat and flail. The camera pans back to the window above. The neon blinks on and off against the pale, thin curtains, on and off, on and off...and in its flashing light, a shadow is outlined against the drapes -- the shadow of a woman!

163 EXTERIOR - CLOSEUP - NEON MOTEL SIGN - NIGHT

163

...The words blink on and off against the night sky -- "BATES MOTEL...Vacancy".

164 INT. DUANE'S ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

164

It is post-orgasm. Duane lies alone in the bed, curled up on one side. Red traipses in, nude, from the bathroom and crawls into bed. She starts to snuggle up to Duane, who brusquely pushes her away with his elbow.

RED

Say, don't tell me you're one of those guys who rolls over, farts, and goes to sleep.

DUANE

(turning  
to her)

I picked you up in a bar after one lousy drink. You were expecting romance?

Red stares at him in disbelief, hurt and angry at his callousness.

RED

You shit heel!

DUANE

(angrily spins  
around on her)

Look, I gotta get up for work soon, so why don't you just get the fuck out.

RED

How? You brought me out here.

Duane rises up and grabs his wallet from the nightstand. He pulls out a bill.

165 CLOSEUP - FIVE DOLLAR BILL

165

It is the crumpled, muddy fiver he overcharged Maureen and palmed.

166

BACK TO SCENE

166

He hands Red the money.

DUANE

Here's cab fare. There's the phone.  
The Yellow Pages are in the drawer..

He rolls back over, ignoring her. Red is hurt and upset.  
She picks her panties up off the floor and starts to put them on.

RED

(almost  
crying)  
Jesus, you make it all seem so cheap.

DUANE

(muttering)  
It is. But it beats a vibrator.

RED

Yeah? At least a vibrator gets me off!

Duane throws the covers off and jumps angrily out of bed.  
He grabs Red by the wrists and jerks her to her feet, then to the door.

RED

Hey, let go!

DUANE

Use the pay phone outside, bitch!

He opens the door and shoves Red outside.

167

EXT. DUANE'S CABIN

167

...as the door slams in Red's face. She stands there shivering in her panties, beating on the door.

RED

Give me my clothes, you bastard!

The door opens, a barrage of clothes, shoes and pocketbook come flying out in the girl's face and into the parking lot. The door slams shut. Red, crying, gathers up her things.

RED

Son of a bitching bastard!

Retrieving her things, Red spots a phone booth a few cabins down from the office. She makes for it.

168

ON PHONE BOOTH

168

...as Red comes up to it. She enters the booth and starts to get dressed. She's still upset and crying. She struggles into her tight jeans. She puts her pull-on sweater (no bra) on inside out. She rummages through her purse, pulling out a Kleenex and wipes her face and blows her nose. The neon sign flashes off the phone booth, reflecting in the glass windows. Red bends down to put on her shoes.

As she does, a shadow figure slips by behind the phone booth. In the distorted glare of neon against the glass, it's impossible to make out any details of the figure. It's only there for an instant. Red pops back up and notices her sweater's on inside out.

RED

Oh, shit!

169

CLOSE ON RED

169

She pulls the sweater over her head and off, the glittering neon highlighting her attractive breasts. She turns the sweater inside-out and pulls it back down over her head. Just then the shadow descends across her, the flashing sign clearly outlines the shadow as that of a woman.

Red tugs her sweater down; the top of her head slowly emerges, then her eyes. Eyes that widen in astonished fear ...as an arm rises up in front of them -- an arm holding a large bladed knife, glinting in the garish light, then sweeping downward along with the arm!

We hear a sharp thud. Red's eyes blink abruptly in shock. Her sweater-covered mouth lets out a muffled cry. The arm flashes back up, so does the knife...the shiny steel blade now dabbled in crimson!

170

ON RED'S STOMACH

170

Her midriff is bare, the sweater not being pulled down far enough. And like the knife blade, the exposed white flesh is now awash with crimson stain. An oozing bloody gash!

171

BACK TO SCENE

171

as the knife plunges downward again. The force of the blow drives the stunned girl up against the back of the booth. The scream on her lips cannot escape through the heavy sweater around her head. Once more the knife comes back, ready to strike again.

## 172 RED'S POINT OF VIEW - HER ASSAILANT

172

Red's attacker is a woman, seen indistinctly, in flashing neon and night shadows. We see her long sleeve with the frilly cuff, her hair wildly askew in a halo of light, a maniacal eyeball too briefly glimpsed in another splash of light. Mostly though, we see the knife, moving in and out. Slashing, tearing, blood being flung from the scarlet-drenched blade.

## 173 BACK TO SCENE

173

Red's sweater is now splashed with blood. There is a cut across her face. Her eyes are wild with terror. She struggles in the confined space, bouncing against the tight glass walls.

## 174 THE DEATH OF RED - VARIOUS ANGLES (DIRECTOR'S CHOICE)

174

Like the famous shower scene from the original Psycho, we get only the impression of stabbing and violent death. No graphic impaling, no steel embedded in flesh. Only the bloody knife blade filling the screen. Closeups of Red's horrified eyes peeking above the sweater. Her strangled cries muted by the bulky cloth. Her body caroming about the tiny booth. Her arms awkwardly flailing in the folds of the sweater. Her feet scuffling on the floor of the booth. We see shadowed views of her murderer. Blurry, quick, abrupt shots revealing nothing. Blood splats and flecks the glass walls of the booth. Rivulets of the crimson ooze trickle down the clear partitions.

The flickering neon creates a surrealistic touch of the macabre. Bernard Herrman's now-classic violin shrieks searingly underscore and accentuate the whole grand guignol effect.

## 175 ON RED

175

Her whimpering, muffled cries stop. Her head flops to one side. Dead eyes stare out over the blood-soaked sweater that still covers the lower half of her face. She slides down the back wall of the booth, smearing the dark-red splotches of blood on the glass. The shadow of her attacker lingers for a moment, then disappears. We hear her scuttling feet retreating.

Red sits there in a crumpled heap at the bottom of the booth. Her eyes bulging out in their death stare. The blinking motel sign first splashes the still form in light, then buries it in darkness.

CONTINUED



175 CONTINUED

175

We hear the sound of feet again -- this time approaching. A shadow descends over Red's corpse. Camera pans around and up onto this new arrival. It is Norman gazing down in horrified despair at the dead girl. He closes his eyes with a shudder.

NORMAN

(wearily)

Oh, Mother, not again. Not again!

176 INT. DUANE'S CABIN - DAY

176

Sunlight streaks into Duane's room as he stands, shirtless, before his mirror, blow-drying his hair.....

177 EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY - ON DUANE

177

...as he exits his room and walks down the row of cabins toward the office. He stops at the phone booth where he finds Norman inside with a hose, washing the booth, scrubbing it down with soap and water. He taps on the glass window to get Norman's attention. Norman stares through the glass, blurry with water and soap suds. Duane waves to him.

DUANE

Up early.

Norman gives a short smile and a curt nod and Duane moves on.

178 INT. OFFICE

178

Duane goes behind the counter and opens the cash register drawer, counting his morning bank. He stops as he notices a particular bill. He stares at it in disturbed curiosity. It is the same muddy five dollar bill he gyped Maureen out of and gave to Red last night!

179 INT. FATHER BRIAN'S OFFICE

179

Father Brian is seated in a swivel chair. Opposite him is Maureen on the couch, she's ill-at-ease, nervously tugging at her sleeve, avoiding eye contact with the priest.

CONTINUED

179

CONTINUED

179

MAUREEN

When I was young, before I entered the novitiate, my choice had always been so clear...like a calling...a destiny...But as it grew closer to my final vows, devotion became such... a responsibility. I began to dwell upon things I had never known, that I never would know....

FATHER BRIAN

What things?

MAUREEN

(embarrassed,  
ashamed)

You know...Hungers...hungers for the flesh....

FATHER BRIAN

Such desires are perfectly normal.

MAUREEN

Not with me. it became like an obsession, I thought of it all the time. Sister Catherine said it was bad and wrong and if my faith was strong enough, I wouldn't have evil thoughts.

FATHER BRIAN

(muttering  
to himself)

Oh, the stupid woman!

MAUREEN

She told me to pray, do penance. I prayed, believed so fervently and still I had those thoughts. Sometimes so badly I couldn't sleep.

FATHER BRIAN

Rather than suffer such torment and uncertainty, why didn't you just leave the novitiate?

MAUREEN

Because I wasn't easy? Because I was weak? Doesn't the church teach us we must endure suffering?

CONTINUED

FATHER BRIAN

It also teaches us suicide is a sin.

Maureen glances at her bandaged wrists.

MAUREEN

But in failing God, I was already damned...I knew it was wrong...But I didn't realize how horrible death would be until I...I saw Sister Margaret fall...the bells...like the angry voice of God...

(softly  
weeps)

I was afraid then, afraid to die, afraid to face the consequences of my sin. All I could think of was escape...But I couldn't escape the guilt or despair...so....

She displays her bandaged wrists.

FATHER BRIAN

It seems to me that only you have given up on yourself, Maureen, not God. Why else would he twice save you from your own desperateness.

Maureen lets this sink in.

MAUREEN

My vision....

Father Brian stares at her curiously. Maureen glances hesitantly at the priest, debating whether or not she should even mention it.

MAUREEN

The other night...as I...I lay there...dying...I...I saw...

(softly,  
almost  
embarrassed)

The Virgin standing above me...a halo of white light about her... holding a crucifix, a shiny silver crucifix, and her arms outstretched, as though she were beckoning me....

(disturbed  
by this)

Oh, Father, what did she want? What did she want of me?

Father Brian has no answer. He merely stares at her curiously.

180

CONTINUED

180

Another awkward pause.

NORMAN

If...if you like you can stay at the motel until...you're...you're better....

MAUREEN

Oh, that's very nice of you, Norman, but....

NORMAN

Oh, don't worry about the money. It would be FOC, free of charge. And I've got m-more than enough room. We're never full...You could stay as long as you like...I don't mind...It would give you a chance to sort things out....

Maureen looks up at him gratefully, deeply moved.

MAUREEN

Why are you so kind to me?

NORMAN

You...you remind me of someone I...I once knew....

Another one of those pauses.

MAUREEN

Are you sure you'd want me around. I mean after the way you found me, you must think I'm some kind of madwoman.

NORMAN

(protesting)

No!

(quieter,  
calmer)

No....

181

FLASHBACK - MOTEL PARLOR - ON NORMAN - FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO 181

Norman is talking to Marion.

NORMAN

We all go a little mad sometimes.

182 BACK TO SCENE

182

NORMAN

(softly)  
We all go a little mad sometimes.

MAUREEN

I'm not, really. It's just that  
sometimes the despair gets so great,  
so overwhelming, that all you want  
is for it to stop.

NORMAN

I know....

MAUREEN

(moving close  
to him)  
I know you do. You understand so  
much. I envy your quiet strength.  
Your normalcy. Normal Norman.  
(smiles)

He jerks.

MAUREEN

I'd like to stay with you, Norman,  
if you really don't mind.

NORMAN

(smiles)  
I'll pick you up tomorrow.

183 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

183

Camera focuses on a small quiet apartment building on a  
small quiet residential street.

LOU (O.S.)

I think Spool said she has a son  
once, but if so, he never visited  
her. God knows, she never went  
anywhere.

TRACY (O.S.)

Never went out, huh?

184 INT. MRS. SPOOL'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP - PHOTOGRAPH OF  
MRS. SPOOL - NIGHT

184

The camera focuses on a framed photo of Mrs. Spool -- the  
same one that was in the newspaper.-- sitting on an end  
table.

CONTINUED

184

CONTINUED

184

Camera pulls back to reveal Tracy casually moving about the living room of Mrs. Spool's abandoned apartment. The landlord, Lou, a small Jewish man in his fifties, holds a plumber's helper and speaks rapidly.

LOU

Just work. A real homebody. Listen,  
I got a backed-up toilet in Six....

TRACY

Mind if I stay here and snoop a bit?

LOU

Why should I mind, sweetheart? It's  
already been a parade through here  
with the cops and everything. You  
can rent it, for all I care. Spoolie's  
rent is two weeks past due.

Tracy takes some money out of her purse and offers it to  
Lou.

TRACY

I'll just rent it for a few minutes.  
Make it worth your while.

LOU

(declining  
the money)

You already have. You don't know what  
a pleasure it is to see a woman in  
this building without blue hair and  
varicose veins.

TRACY

(smiles)

Thanks, Lou.

LOU

(pressing the  
lock on the  
front door)

Thank you! Just close the door when  
you leave.

TRACY

Sure thing.

With a salute of his plunger, Lou exits. Tracy pulls out a  
cigarette and sits on the couch to light it. Her eye  
catches something as she sits. She pulls out from between  
the cushions a small personal address book. She thumbs  
through it.

185 INSERT - BOOK

185

...as Tracy flips through the pages, back to front. There are very few numbers in the book, most of the pages are white. She suddenly stops somewhere in the "B" listings, coming across a solitary phone number with no name written above it to identify it.

186 ON TRACY

186

...intrigued by a number with no accompanying name. She picks up the phone on the end table and dials the number.

187 INT. BATES MOTEL PARLOR - CLOSEUP OF PHONE

187

We don't know this is the Bates Motel. All we see is the phone on the desk...as it begins to ring. A hand comes into frame and sets a half-sewn, stuffed bird down by the phone, then picks up the receiver. Camera follows the receiver's journey to Norman's face. He speaks into the phone.

NORMAN

Hello, Bates Motel...Hello?...Hello?

188 INT. SPOOL APARTMENT

188

...as Tracy listens to Norman's voice on the other end, her brows knitted deep in thought. She hangs up and meditatively puffs a cigarette.

189 EXT. BATES MOTEL - DAY

189

The joint is jumping. It's the big Homecoming weekend and Norman has four or five cabins booked. Several cars are in the parking lot. Loud music, circa sixties, early seventies, blares from one of the rooms. Several people, most in their late twenties and early thirties mill about, visiting each other's room, chatting, laughing, and drinking. A general party atmosphere.

190 ANGLE FAVORING OFFICE - DAY

190

An attractive young woman, Ruthie, is getting cokes from the soda machine outside the office door. A few rooms down, an overweight reveller, Kyle, lurches out one of the doors, drink in hand, wearing a baseball cap with an "F" on it and a letter sweater far too tight for him these days. He leers at Ruthie.

CONTINUED

190

CONTINUED

190

KYLE

Hey, Ruthie, get those cokes and your ass down here. I want to get you drunk, so I can get in your pants.

RUTHIE

You couldn't fifteen years ago, Kyle. What makes you think you can now.

KYLE

(getting in  
a football  
squat)

Hut! Hut!

He takes off after Ruthie, like a linebacker after a quarterback. Ruthie screams and takes off, Kyle chasing her out into the parking lot.

191

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

191

Tracy is at the desk with Duane. She reacts to the screams and laughter and general rowdiness heard outside.

TRACY

Nice crowd....

DUANE

Homecoming weekend. They're already celebrating their big victory over Central. The game's not until tonight. What about this?

He points to a five dollar bill Tracy examines. It's the same fiver Duane gave to Red last night.

TRACY

What about it? Maybe she got change for the phone or cigarettes or something? It might help if you knew the girl's name.

DUANE

Forgot to ask.

TRACY

(disgusted  
by his macho)

It's suppose to come right after, 'Hi, I'm Duane, but you can call me Duke.'  
...I'm more interested about these voices you heard up at the house.

CONTINUED



191 CONTINUED

191

DUANE

Maybe voices. It could have been  
the TV or radio.

TRACY

Well, I guess one of us had better  
find out.

She heads for the door.

DUANE

Hey, where are you going?

TRACY

Up to the house. You said he was  
out, didn't you?

DUANE

Yeah, but what if he comes back?

TRACY

You don't know anything about it.

DUANE

But....

TRACY

You want some money? Then let me  
see what your story's worth.

She exits. Duane debates following for a minute, then  
decides against it.

192 EXT. BATES MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

192

...as a cab pulls up in front. Kyle, still roaming the  
parking lot, charges over to the taxi just as Maureen gets  
out of it. Dressed in the simple dress she arrived here in.

KYLE

(doing a cheer)

Rah, rah, ree,  
Kick 'em in the knee...  
Rah, rah, rass,  
Kick 'em in the other knee.

Kyle lets out a roaring cackle that startles the confused  
Maureen.

KYLE

(to Maureen)

Farevale or Central? Farevale or  
Central?

CONTINUED

192

CONTINUED

192

Norman's head pops over the roof of the cab as he gets out the other side and closes the door.

NORMAN

(smiling at  
Kyle)  
Farevale.

KYLE

All right!  
(extends  
a hand)  
Kyle Hunefeld. Linebacker. Sixty  
-eight Champs! When you get checked  
in, come on down to four and party.  
Hey, we're going to kick Central's  
ass tonight.

He shakes a fisted, burly forearm in macho salute. Norman, amused, returns it. Kyle runs off to where a couple of cronies are tossing a football. The cab pulls away and Maureen and Norman head for her room. Norman suddenly sees something.

193

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - TRACY

193

is halfway up the hill, heading for the house.

194

BACK TO SCENE

194

NORMAN

(to Maureen)  
Go on in, Maureen, I'll be back in a  
minute.

(takes off  
for the  
house,  
calling)  
Miss Venable! Miss Venable!

Tracy in the b.g., stops at the sound of the voice, turning to see Norman hurrying up the hill after her. The calls have also brought Duane to the door of the office. Seeing Maureen, he smiles at her.

DUANE

Glad you decided to stick around  
earth for a while, angel.

Maureen is not amused, her cold gaze veers from him up the hill. Duane also turns his attention in that direction.

195

EXT. STAIRWAY TO THE HOUSE - DAY

195

Norman catches up to Tracy, eyeing her with suspicious fear.

NORMAN

Were you looking for something,  
Miss Venable?

TRACY

(smiles  
blandly)

Just you. Hoping we could finish  
our little chat.

NORMAN

I don't think so...your little chat's  
end up sounding more like  
interrogations.

TRACY

(shrugs)

Some other time, perhaps.

NORMAN

(coldly)

No...This is the last time, Miss  
Venable...Good-bye....

With a final cool appraising glance, Tracy starts back down  
the hill. Norman watches her go. He twitches.

196

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSEUP - MAUREEN'S SUITCASE

196

The suitcase is opened. Two hands hold up a crumpled, wet,  
mildewed grey skirt. The rest of the clothes that lay in  
and around the suitcase on the bed are in similar, sorry  
shape.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

I didn't even think about water  
getting into the case.

The camera pulls back to Maureen examining her ruined  
clothing. Norman sits timidly on the edge of the bed.

MAUREEN

They smell awful.

NORMAN

I'll take them up to the house and  
wash them for you.

CONTINUED

196

CONTINUED

196

MAUREEN

You don't have to do that, Norman.  
I'll go up with you and wash them  
myself.

NORMAN

(protesting  
sharply)

No!

(regaining  
his composure,  
smiling)

No...You're my guest. It's no trouble.  
In the meantime, I can bring you some  
of M-Mother's things to wear.

197

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON CLOTHES CLOSET

197

...as a hand slides hangers along a rack, stopping at a  
maroon dressing robe. The hand strokes the soft cloth,  
almost caressing it.

MOTHER (O.S.)

What are you doing, Norman?  
Norman! Answer me!

Camera pulls back to Norman, back to camera, standing at  
the closet. Several garments have already been pulled from  
the closet and rest in the crook of Norman's arm.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Norman!

Norman shoots a cold glance over his shoulder at Mother.  
Then defiantly taking the robe, he exits.

198

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM

198

The dresses Norman has taken from Mother's closet are all  
spread out on one of the beds. Maureen has tried on the  
maroon robe. Norman sits on the bed, staring up in nervous  
admiration. He is uneasy, seeing Maureen in Mother's  
clothes.

NORMAN

It-it fits you well. You're almost  
the same size as M-Mother.

CONTINUED

198

CONTINUED

198

MAUREEN

(feeling the  
material)

It's lovely. All of these things  
are, Norman. You certainly know what  
a girl looks good in....

Norman twitches. Maureen picks up a frilly cocktail dress  
and holds it up in front of her, examining it in the  
mirror. It's distinctly fifties style, but rather  
attractive nonetheless. Maureen smiles as she sees how it  
looks.

NORMAN

I hoped you'd like that one. I know  
most of these things are old, but  
you know how styles come back, and  
what with the things kids wear today  
...I thought this might look good  
enough to go out in public in....

MAUREEN

Public?

NORMAN

(shyly)

...Like dinner or something?

Maureen smiles tenderly down at Norman, caressing his  
cheek. He smiles up at her nervously.

199

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

199

Norman stands in the doorway, dressed in a sports jacket  
and an out-of-date tie. His hair is neatly combed. He  
looks gangly and awkward. Andy Hardy's first date. He  
stares into the darkness of the room, the only available  
light seeping in the from hallway.

NORMAN

I'm going now, Mother. I-I won't be  
out late...Mother?...She's a nice  
girl, Mother.

Mother, hidden in the shadowed gloom, sits silently,  
rigidly in her rocker. Her silence upsets Norman, but he  
is determined.

NORMAN

She's a nice girl!

He turns and races down the hall. We hear his footsteps  
run down the stairs, the front door open and slam shut as  
camera pans back to Mother, silent and still in her rocker.

200

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

200

Tracy confronts an angry Hunt.

TRACY

But, Sheriff, my sources....

HUNT

These mysterious sources you refuse to reveal are what need checking out, not your half-assed suspicions. I'm not going around harassing law-abiding citizens for no good reason just to promote your journalistic career. Last time...Stay away from Bates!

He means it. A frustrated Tracy jerks open the office door to leave.

HUNT

Don't....

She exits, slamming the door.

HUNT

...slam it....

201

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

201

It is raining, pattering down on the awning over the entrance of a supper club. A piano is heard above the rain from inside, tinkling pleasantly bland renditions of old standards.

202

INT. RESTAURANT

202

The restaurant does a good weekend trade, not everyone's at the Homecoming game. Most of the tables are filled with nicely dressed, middle-aged to elderly couples. A piano player with a silver pompadour tickles the ivories and several couples wend their way about a small dance floor.

The camera pans through the crowd, locating Norman and Maureen at a table close to the dance floor. Norman is pouring them both another glass of wine from a bottle on the table. They both laugh and seem in high spirits. They are both slightly tipsy.

MAUREEN

(signaling  
Norman "Whoa")

I've never drunk this much before.

CONTINUED

202

CONTINUED

202

NORMAN

(giggling  
like a  
naughty boy)

Me neither. M-mother never allowed  
liquor in the house.

MAUREEN

What shall we toast this time?

NORMAN

Happiness!

Maureen smiles, taking Norman's hand across the table. Norman almost jumps at the touch, but the liquor gives him confidence and an air of defiance against Mother. He decides he likes holding her hand.

MAUREEN

I haven't been this happy in a long  
time.

NORMAN

I like it when you smile. You're  
very pretty. I-I-m happy too.

They clink glasses and sip. The pianist plays a slow tune.

NORMAN

W-would you like to dance?

MAUREEN

Oh, Norman, I can't.

Norman stands up and weaves a little. He still holds on to Maureen's hand and tries to coax her up as she shyly demurs.

NORMAN

I'll teach you. It's very easy.  
M-mother taught me.

He pulls her to her feet. She's whoosy from the drink and braces herself against the table.

MAUREEN

Wooo! I'm a little dizzy.

NORMAN

(an amused  
giggle)

Good. It'll make you light on your  
feet.

He drags her out on the dance floor.

203

ON DANCE FLOOR

203

...as Norman and Maureen join the other couples.

MAUREEN

Oh, Norman, I feel silly.

NORMAN

Nothing wrong in that. Now just follow my feet. It's very easy. I come forward, you go back, and vice-versa. Slow, slow, quick, quick. Slow, slow, quick, quick.

Both watch their feet.

NORMAN

See! Easy. You just learned your basic box step. Again. Front, front, left, left. Back, back, right, right.

MAUREEN

(catching on)

Box step! This is fun.

NORMAN

Of course, it is. Slow, slow, quick, quick.

MAUREEN

(joining)

Slow, slow, quick, quick.

They begin to move across the floor, counting out their cadence. Maureen is totally enamored of Norman as he confidently whirls her about the floor. She pulls in closer to him, nestling against his chest. The camera catches his face over her shoulder. He twitches, his eyes staring at the frilly shoulder strap so close to his face -- Mother's dress.

204

EXT. BATES MOTEL - NIGHT

204

The rain is pouring down. But it has not dampened the Farevale victory celebration going on in several of the cabins. By the number of cars in the lot, it seems several other old alumni have been invited back. Music, whoops, and laughter. A good time being had by all.

DUANE (V.O.)

What? I can't hear you.

205

INT. MOTEL OFFICE

205

Duane holds a hand over one ear trying to drown out the noise of the party outside. He is on the telephone.

CONTINUED



205 CONTINUED

205

DUANE

(angrily on  
phone)

No way. I'm not breaking into that house. I'm not your leg man. You pay me for information.

206 INT. TRACY'S MOTEL ROOM

206

Tracy, in bathrobe and slippers, sits in her motel room on the phone.

TRACY

(into phone)

For information I can use. I need something more concrete than what you're handing out. If you'd told me earlier, he was out, I'd have come out their myself.

207 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - ON DUANE

207

DUANE

(on phone)

Well, I'm sure as hell not going up there. Now I gave you a mess of info this afternoon and I expect a few bucks for it. You're not getting anymore until....

There is a click on the other end of the line.

DUANE

Hey! Hey, you bitch, don't hang up on me!

He slams the phone down in frustration and moves to the office door.

208 EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

208

The celebration party is in full swing. Several raucous voices are singing along to old rock and roll records. Duane stands in the doorway of the office, watching a voluptuous but somewhat blowsy young woman -- Patsy, by name -- get some cokes out of the machine. As Patsy goes by, she eyes Duane eyeing her. She's slightly drunk.

PATSY

(flirting)

Hi, cutie.

Duane nods, smiling, watching her swaying hips in her tight pants as she bustles off back to the party down the way. The

CONTINUED

208 CONTINUED

208

office is suddenly bathed in the harsh glare of headlights as a cab pulls up.

Norman and Maureen spill out of the cab and rush through the rain to the shelter of the office porch. Sopping wet, they both laugh gaily. They both are also very drunk.

DUANE

Have a good time?

NORMAN

Great time, D-Duke. Thanks for taking my shift tonight.

DUANE

It's your overtime.

NORMAN

I'll relieve you in a minute.

Maureen is surprised and disappointed.

MAUREEN

Norman, aren't you coming in for a bit?

Before Norman can answer, a loud crack of lightning flashes across the sky to the accompanying drone of thunder. Maureen, startled, jumps, then...her eyes widen in surprise....

209 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE HOUSE

209

The lightning illuminates the house, particularly Mother's room. Against the back wall, visible in the brilliant light, looms the shadow of a sitting woman.

210 BACK TO SCENE

210

...as Maureen closes her eyes and shakes her head in disbelief.

NORMAN

(concerned)

Is something wrong?

MAUREEN

(smiling)

Must be a little more tipsy than I thought. I just thought I saw a woman up in that window.

Norman reacts with a nervous twitch, then smiles feebly.

CONTINUED

210 CONTINUED

210

NORMAN

You must be. Maybe...maybe I'll come inside for a little bit, after all. Just to make sure you're all right...It's okay, Duane, you can go ahead and take off.

DUANE

(shrugs)

If you say so, boss.

NORMAN

(smiles)

I do. You're officially off duty. And thanks again.

Norman and Maureen depart into cabin One. Duane watches them go, then turns and gazes curiously up at:

211 DUANE'S POINT OF VIEW

211

...the old house on the hill...the storm accentuating its gloomy demeanor....

212 INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM

212

Norman sits on one of the beds nervously, waiting; listening to the singing of the partiers as it bleeds through the wall. He glances at a pair of discarded high heels on the floor below him, then over at the partially closed bathroom door. Light seep out through the cracked opening.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

(from behind  
bathroom door)

I'll be out in a moment, Norman.

Norman scarcely has time to twitch before she is out. The light from the bathroom is the only light in the room. Maureen emerges in Mother's maroon robe. There is obviously nothing on under it. The fine structure of her body is clearly outlined by the garment's rich material. She sits next to Norman, smiling timidly. The flap of the robe opens slightly, exposing the pale, creamy skin of her leg and thigh.

MAUREEN

Guess this is what's known as slipping into something more comfortable....

Norman gives a shy nod and an uneasy smile.

MAUREEN

Sorry, I can't offer you anything to drink....

CONTINUED

212

CONTINUED

212

NORMAN

It's all right.

MAUREEN

Except water, of course.

NORMAN

No...it's all right....

MAUREEN

(referring to  
the sloshed  
vocalizing  
next door)

At least we've got some mood music.  
(smiles)

NORMAN

(smiles back)  
Depends on the mood....

MAUREEN

(laughs)  
I suppose...  
(moves close  
to him)  
I had a really nice time tonight,  
Norman.

Norman flinches nervously.

MAUREEN

Thank you.

Maureen, emboldened by the drink, slips an arm about Norman's neck and kisses him. Norman's eyes widen in stunned surprise. He breaks the kiss and rises, turning from Maureen.

NORMAN

I should go.

MAUREEN

(disappointed)  
Because of her?

Her? Norman, threatened, whirls around on Maureen, staring at her in suspicious fear.

NORMAN

Who?

MAUREEN

That person you said I remind you  
of...Did she mean a lot to you?

CONTINUED

212

CONTINUED - 2

212

NORMAN

(relieved)

Oh...no, we weren't...It's not...not  
like...like it is with you....

MAUREEN

How is it with me?

Norman doesn't answer. He fidgets nervously.

MAUREEN

(warm,  
soothing)

Please sit down, Norman.

He hesitates. She pats the bed beside her and smiles.  
Norman does as bid. Maureen caresses his cheek.

MAUREEN

(tenderly)

Such a dear, gentle man....

She kisses him again. Norman instinctively responds for a moment, then catches himself and tries to back away but only succeeds in falling backward on the bed with Maureen on top of him. She searches his mouth hungrily, brazenly. Norman suddenly stops resisting, caught up in the passion of the moment and returns the attentions. This assault is clumsy and fumbling, like an awkward teenager in the back seat of a car. But then Maureen is hardly an expert in these matters and doesn't seem to mind.

MAUREEN

Oh, Norman, Norman.

She hugs him to her. His face pressed deeply into the material of the robe.

213

FLASHBACK - MOTHER'S BED

213

Mother lays on the bed. Next to her, the human impression  
sunk in the mattress.

214

BACK TO SCENE

214

A tormented Norman pulls sharply away from Maureen.

NORMAN

No!

MAUREEN

(surprised)

Norman, what's wrong?

CONTINUED

214

CONTINUED

214

NORMAN

Please, Marion...Maureen...I  
can -- can't do it.

He rolls over unable to look at her. She leans over him,  
concerned.

MAUREEN

It's because I'm drunk, isn't it?

NORMAN

(glad for  
any excuse)  
It wouldn't be right.

MAUREEN

That's very chivalrous of you, Norman,  
not wanting to take advantage of me...  
(caresses him)  
But I'll still want to when I'm  
sober...with you.

Norman gazes on her. The revellers next door are singing  
still. Not quite as raucously or off-key. Softer, sweeter.  
"...the night we tore the goal post down...we'll have these  
moments to remember...."

NORMAN

I -- I want to. But not now. Not  
just yet.

MAUREEN

Then just hold me for a while.

Norman is reluctant.

MAUREEN

Please, just lay here with me and  
hold me.

She nestles down on his chest. Norman awkwardly puts his  
arms around her, his face reflecting an array of confused  
and conflicting emotions. The drunken singing has blended  
into tender, haunting harmony..."We'll have these moments  
to remember...."

DISSOLVE TO

215

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM - ON MAUREEN

215

...still on the bed...asleep...alone...still dressed in the  
robe. It's a fitful sleep. Her body shifts restlessly.  
Suddenly, a shadow looms across her sleeping form. The  
shadow of a woman. A hand reaches out and shakes Maureen,  
who awakens with an abrupt start. She looks up at:

216 MAUREEN'S POINT OF VIEW - PATSY 216

Patsy who smiles down drunkenly at her.

PATSY

Sorry to wake you, Honey....

217 ANOTHER ANGLE 217

...as Maureen sits up, discreetly tightening her robe about her.

PATSY

(continuing)

...but you fell asleep with your door open. With a bunch of drunken, horny bastards running around here, that's not such a hot idea. Just thought you'd like to know.

Maureen is distracted. She is looking about for Norman.

MAUREEN

Yes...Thank you.

PATSY

I'll close it on my way out.

She reels out, closing the door behind her. Maureen rises.

MAUREEN

Norman?

She goes to the bathroom.

218 INT. MAUREEN'S BATHROOM 218

...Norman's not there either. It's empty.

219 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM 219

Mother lies in bed, her back turned against Norman who sits on the bed beside her. The room, as always, is shadowy and dark.

MOTHER

You dirty, dirty boy!

NORMAN

(anguished,  
plaintive)

I didn't do anything, Mother. I didn't do anything with her. She's a nice girl.

220

MOTHER

220

...in shadow.

MOTHER

She's a whore!

221

ON NORMAN

221

NORMAN

But I didn't do anything!

Norman buries his face in a pillow in frustrated despair and guilt.

MOTHER (O.S.)

You let her come between us. I thought I was the only one. You and I, Norman. Only you and I.

NORMAN

(lifting his face up)

But it's not r-right, Mother. It's n-not na-na-natural!

222

ON MOTHER

222

...buried in her covers and darkness....

MOTHER

It's perfectly natural for a son to love his mother.

This tortured conversation is abruptly interrupted with a knocking sound. Norman jerks up alert, listening. It's the front door! Someone's knocking at the front door!

Norman rushes to the window and looks out.

223

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

223

Maureen, dressed in Mother's robe, waits on the porch for a response to her knock.

224

BACK TO SCENE

224

...as Norman pulls back from the window. His face contorts. Sweat beads his brow. The knocking resumes. Norman clamps his hand over his ears, not wanting to hear it. But he's hearing something else. Something he can't shut out. His face is a tense mask.

CONTINUED



224 CONTINUED

224

NORMAN

Leave me alone, Mother, leave me  
alone.

The camera moves in, tight on Norman's frightened eyes.

MOTHER'S VOICE

You know what needs to be done.

Norman's hands come into frame, covering his eyes.

NORMAN

I can't, Mother, I can't.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Must I do everything, Norman?

Norman's hands move from his face, strangely fixated, the camera pans back out as Norman slowly moves to Mother's vanity. He sits there, staring blankly into the mirror. He opens a drawer.

225 CLOSEUP - DRAWER

225

...inside the drawer is a ratty dime store wig. A woman's wig. Underneath it...a gleaming bread knife!

226 BACK TO SCENE

226

as Norman places his hand on the edge of the drawer.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

(from outside,  
tentative and  
soft)

Norman?

Norman twitches. His eyes lose their glaze. Again the voice outside the window. Sweet and innocent.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Norman?

227 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MOTHER

227

...lying in her bed....

MOTHER

(demanding and  
harsh)

Norman!

228 BACK TO SCENE

228

Norman, caught between the voices of the two women in his life. Torn, tortured. He glares down at the knife in the drawer, beckoning to him. Luring him, enticing him. Still grasping the edge of the drawer, Norman shoves it shut tightly on his fingers. His suppressed scream becomes a teeth-clenched gasp, as the pain wrenches him back to reality, away from Mother and the knife.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Norman, are you awake?

A lovely voice. A lovely girl. So much like that other girl. Marion Crane. With the stunning eyes. And the soft, white flesh. Flesh dabbled with crimson. Deep, red crimson.

Tears suddenly well up in Norman's eyes. The urge is too strong to fight. The drawer springs back open. Norman clenches and unclenches his jammed fingers, then picks up the knife. He swivels in his seat. His tortured, wet eyes seeking out....

229 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

229

...Mother's clothes closet....

230 BACK TO SCENE

230

...as Norman rises and goes to the closet. He reaches in and pulls out a long, old-fashioned print dress...high collar, frilly cuffs. He reluctantly starts to remove it from its hanger.

NORMAN

No, Mother, please!

Suddenly, his fearful, darting eyes notice something.

231 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - DOOR

231

...the door to the room has one of the old-fashioned knob plates in it, with a keyhole...with a key in it.

232 BACK TO SCENE

232

With the last bit of defiance in him, Norman tosses the dress to the floor and dives for the door. He twists the

CONTINUED

232 CONTINUED

232

key in the lock, then flings it across the room and out the bedroom window with desperate and unerring accuracy. He's locked himself inside. A wild smile of victory crosses his lips and he heaves a triumphant sigh.

233 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

233

Bad mistake, Norman. Throwing the key out the window was not a bright idea. Maureen is off the porch, about to start back down the hill, when she hears the chink of the key as it strikes the ground below Mother's window. She looks up curiously.

MAUREEN

Norman? Are you there?

234 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - ON NORMAN

234

Norman sits by the door, one hand holding the knife before his eyes...Gleaming before his eyes...So smooth and polished. His other hand is clamped over the lower half of his face, his fingers digging in his cheek.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Norman! It's Maureen.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Shut that whore up, Norman!

NORMAN

No...I won't hurt her. You can't make me!

But the knife blade glistens before his eyes, so seductive...so tempting. He takes his free hand and grasps the blade, pressing down on it. Blood seeps between his clenched fingers as he whimpers in pain.

MAUREEN (O.S.)

Please answer me, Norman.

He clutches the blade, the blood drips from his hand. The pain is his, Norman's. He can feel it. So he must be himself.

NORMAN

(shouting down  
to Maureen)

What do you want?

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED

234

MAUREEN

What happened to you?...Are you all right.

NORMAN

Yes!..no! I'm...I'm feeling a little sick....

235 EXT. BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - ON MAUREEN

235

...below the window....

MAUREEN

Let me come in and see to you.

NORMAN

No!..I'll be all right. A little too much to drink, that's all...I just need to rest.

MAUREEN

(hesitant)

You sure...?

NORMAN

Yes...yes...please go back to your room.

MAUREEN

All right...Good night....

She waits for a "good night" back, but doesn't get one. She heads back down the hill. Camera pans back up to Mother's window. Norman is still by the door.

236 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - ON NORMAN

236

That glassy look has swept back into his eyes. He sits huddled on the floor by the door, digging furiously into the wood around the knob and key plate with his knife, trying to pry the fixture off the door.

237 INT. ONE OF THE PARTY CABINS - NIGHT

237

The party is still going strong...laughter, singing, drinking...Kyle still trying to make Ruthie....

RUTHIE

(rebuffing  
Kyle's drunken  
advances)

Kyle, you haven't changed in fifteen years. You're still disgusting.

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED

237

KYLE

Come on, Ruthie...Cheerleaders  
always boff linebackers....

RUTHIE

Cheerleaders boff quarterbacks.  
Band goons boff linebackers.

Patsy, even drunker than before, pounds on the bathroom  
door, dancing about with antsy, jittery movements.

PATSY

Hurry up in there, I gotta piddle  
real bad.

MAN'S VOICE

(drunkenly from  
the other side  
of the door)

Use one of the other johns!

PATSY

They're all full of drunks either  
pissing or puking.

MAN'S VOICE

So this one!

Patsy frowns and squirms.

238 INT. BATES HOUSE - MOTHER'S ROOM - CLOSEUP - VANITY DRAWER 238

...it's empty. Not only is the knife gone, but so is the  
wig!

239 ON CLOSET

239

...Mother's clothes all neatly hung. The camera pans to  
the floor in front of the closet. An empty hanger lies  
there. But the dress that hung on it earlier is nowhere in  
sight.

240 ON BEDROOM DOOR

240

...it's open, stripped of its knobs and key plates on both  
sides. The wood surrounding the inside knob area is  
chipped and gouged. Camera pans to the foot of door where  
all the stripped hardware lies...Both knobs and key plates,  
one of the plates bent and twisted.

241 EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

241

...as a squirming Patsy approaches it. She stops at the door.

PATSY

(calling  
inside)

Hey, cutie!

She enters. As she disappears inside, a shadow falls across the door.

242 INT. OFFICE PARLOR

242

...dark and silent....

PATSY (V.O.)

Hey, cutie...

(enters the  
room

...you got a john I can...use...

(realizes no  
one's here)

...Must be one around here...Ah!

She finds it easily enough. It's the only other door in the place. She shoves it open and flips the light switch by the entrance. The bathroom glows with dim light emanating from a naked yellow bulb, dangling from a cord attached to the ceiling. Patsy enters, closing the door behind. Camera pans from the closed door to the parlor entrance, angled low, picking up in frame a pair of orthopedic shoes scuttling across the parlor carpet toward the bathroom.

243 INT. MOTEL PARLOR BATHROOM

243

Patsy, staggering, whacks her head on the dangling light bulb.

PATSY

Whoops.

The yellow light bulb spins and swings on its chain, sending out a weird, spiralling glow...casting eerie shadows on the wall. Patsy proceeds to take care of business, unbuckling her pants.

244 ON PATSY'S LEGS

244

...as her pants fall around her ankles, then her undies.

245 BACK ON PATSY

245

She starts to sit down, then hesitates. The toilet seat is up. She drops it down.

PATSY

Men....

...and sits. She scarcely gets settled when the doorknob starts to twist and the door swings in.

PATSY

(panicky;  
grabbing at  
her pants,  
trying to  
hide her  
privates)

Hey! Do you mind?

Patsy's plea for privacy goes unheeded. In the dim light, we make out the dark silhouette of a woman in the door, holding something bright and shiny in her hand.

PATSY

(recognizing  
a woman)

Sorry, sister, this is ocupado.

They are Patsy's last words. The flashing shiny object swoops past her eyes and we hear it collide into flesh with a sickening thunk. Patsy's mouth drops open in stunned surprise and she jerks, her hand clutching at her stomach. She brings the hand up to her face. It is dripping with blood. Patsy tries to scream but can't. A shadow looms over her, as she topples off the toilet to the floor.

246 ON PATSY'S BLOODY HAND

246

...as it clutches at the toilet paper roll. But, again, we hear the dull thunk, accompanied by a gaspy, breathy groan. The red-tinged fingertips slide from the toilet roll, sending the sheets of paper spilling down in an unraveling cascade.

247 ON PATSY'S LEGS

247

...encumbered by pants and panties about her ankles. They kick in a frantic, furious, futile effort; jerking convulsively one final time, then suddenly stopping dead.

The feet of the attacker come in view, backing away from her victim, the long skirt sliding across the bloody tiles.

248 INT. PARLOR

248

Norman enters from the front office, withdrawn and pale, a strange exhaustion in his eyes, but more composed than when we last saw him. He starts for the desk, then notices the light from behind the ajar bathroom door.

NORMAN

(curiously)

Duane?...Hello?

He goes to the bathroom door.

NORMAN

D-Duke? Are you in there?

He peeks in the door.

249 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - PARLOR BATHROOM

249

It, of course, isn't Duane. The dim yellow bulb glows down on a pair of legs, pants and panties about the ankles, sprawled out against the cold, red-stained tile of the floor.

250 ON NORMAN

250

...as he sinks down in the doorway to the floor in anguished despair.

NORMAN

Wha-what am I going to do, Mother,  
what am I going to do....

251 EXT. BACK OF MOTEL - NIGHT

251

The rain's subsided, but water droplets plop from the eaves of the office cabin. We hear the sounds of a victory party still going on. We're at the back of the office parlor, focused on the parlor window. The room beyond is dark. Suddenly the window slides open and a body starts to slide out -- a limp, lifeless body...Patsy's body! Her pants have been discreetly pulled up. The corpse flops on the wet grass and, a moment later, Norman climbs out of the window. He picks Patsy up, slinging one of her arms around his shoulder. Suddenly the bloodcurdling scream of a woman splits the night.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE

252

Norman whirls around, startled, expecting the worse. There is another feminine squeal, not so threatening this time. Ruthie suddenly appears out of the gloom from around the corner of the office, pursued by a lasciviously grinning Kyle.

CONTINUED



252 CONTINUED

252

RUTHIE

Kyle, keep your hands off my ass!

KYLE

Come on, Ruthie, it's a football tradition, the winners always pat each other on the ass.

Norman throws Patsy up against the wall, then himself in front of her, giving the appearance of a couple locked in an embrace. Ruthie and Kyle dart past, Kyle noting the clenched couple.

KYLE

Well, somebody's getting lucky.

He continues on after Ruthie. Patsy's dead eyes stare into Norman's frightened ones. Once the coast is clear, Norman proceeds to lug his dead companion around to the side of the office. His goal is the house on the hill.

253 EXT. SIDE OF THE OFFICE - NIGHT

253

...as Norman turns the corner only to confront a Drunk at the ice machine, digging an empty bucket into it. He stares up, glassy-eyed, at the intruder. Norman holds his slumping burden up, paralyzed with fear. The Drunk stares down at them, bleary-eyed.

DRUNK

(slurring)

Boy, she must be pissed to the gills.

He then calmly turns and staggers off back to the late-night revels. Norman can't believe he's gotten away with it. But as two more revelers run out into the parking lot beyond, laughing and shouting, he knows his reprieve is only temporary if he doesn't ditch the body. He checks the long, muddy, rain-slicked distance up the hill to the house. Then the frolicking couples gadding about. He'll never make it undetected. Then his roving eye finds something else.

254 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

254

...he's looking at the open door of the ice machine....

255 INT. MOTEL OFFICE - PARLOR DOOR - DAY

255

A burly fist pounds on the door. We hear someone moving about in the room on the other side. The door cracks open. A bleary-eyed Norman, in the same clothes as last night, appears from within. Camera pulls back to include Sheriff Hunt and a deputy, Mike Pool (from Psycho II).

CONTINUED

255

CONTINUED

255

HUNT

Morning, Norman. Figured you were here when you weren't up at the house. Sleeping late, I see.

Norman is confused and hung over. He rubs the sleep from his eyes.

NORMAN

Up-up late, Sheriff. Farevale won the big game. We had a lot of revelers last night.

HUNT

I know. One of them didn't come home this morning.

He hands Norman an official-looking paper -- search warrant. Norman tries to focus his bloodshot eyes on it.

256

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

256

Norman and Hunt stand outside the office along with a couple of deputies, Mike and Fred. Tracy and Duane are also there, and several of last night's rowdy guests curiously gather, though Fred tries to keep them back.

HUNT

Her name was Patsy Boyle. She came with a group of locals after the game to party with some of your guests. When they all left around three, no one seemed to notice she wasn't in the van. All pretty drunk, I guess.

NORMAN

(hotly,  
stammering  
and jerking)

Oh! S-someone's m-m-missing and I'm the f-first one you think of....

HUNT

There've been a few other accusations lately, Norman, that....

NORMAN

(pointing  
wildly at  
Tracy)

From her?! What does she know?  
Nothing! Nothing!

CONTINUED

256

CONTINUED

256

HUNT

(trying to  
be easy)

Well, that's what we'll find out.

He wipes sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

HUNT

(continuing)

Now, it's too hot to argue. This rain has just made everything more muggy. I'm sorry, Norman, but we've got the warrant and it's in everybody's best interest we check this thing out.

He starts up the hill for the house, followed by Mike Pool. A wild, almost hysterical Norman follows after them.

NORMAN

Whose interests? That reporter's?  
Yours? I don't want you in my  
house! There's nothing there.

257

ANOTHER ANGLE

257

...as Duane and Tracy watch the party head for the house. Maureen, attracted by the shouting, has come out of her room, dressed in Mother's robe.

MAUREEN

(to Duane)

What's going on?

(shouting  
to Norman)

Norman?

She starts to go after him, but Tracy stops her.

TRACY

You don't want to go up there.

MAUREEN

But what's wrong with Norman?

TRACY

It's about time somebody told you.  
Come on.

She leads the puzzled girl back to her room. Duane watches them go, then turns his gaze back up at the house. As the police and a protesting Norman enter, a slight enigmatic smile crosses Duane's face.

258

INT. BATES HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - CLOSEUP - DOORKNOB  
AND KEY PLATE

258

...on the floor surrounded by two black shoes. Camera backs to reveal Hunt standing at Mother's bedroom door, curiously examining the removed hardware. He scans the hole in the door where the knob was. Mike Pool and Norman are behind him. Norman is a quivering mass of jelly. As Hunt starts to push the door open, Norman goes berserk.

NORMAN

No! No! Please!

He leaps on the Sheriff, clutching at him, trying to pull him back from the door. Mike seizes Norman from behind, pushing him to the floor.

HUNT

Goddamn it, Norman! Hold 'im, Mike.  
(to Norman)  
Now I'm real curious to see what's  
in there.

NORMAN

No!

Norman struggles violently in Mike's strong grip, as Hunt opens the door and steps in. Norman cries out in anguish.

HUNT

(staring in  
the room)  
What's the big idea, Norman?

Mike pushes Norman at the door. Norman closes his eyes, not wanting to look.

HUNT

Norman, what's the matter with you?

Norman opens his eyes. They widen at what they see there.

259

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

259

...The room is empty! The bed neatly made, the rocking chair unoccupied. Mother is nowhere around!

260

BACK TO SCENE

260

Norman stares about the room in baffled disbelief and at the same time utter relief. He shoots a looney smile up at Hunt.

NORMAN

I-I told you there was nothing here.

CONTINUED

260 CONTINUED

260

Hunt shoots Norman a peeved glance and exits back down the hall. Mike follows. Alone, Norman gazes about the room in worried concern. If Mother's not here, where is she?

NORMAN

(whispering  
to himself)

M-Mother?

261 EXT. SIDE OF MOTEL - DAY

261

Norman sits against the ice machine, trying to look vindicated and righteously indignant. But his brow knits sporadically, troubling over private thoughts. The Sheriff and his deputies stand about, as does Duane. Hunt is embarrassed and apologetic, wiping his sweaty brow.

HUNT

(contritely)

I'm so sorry to put you through this, Norman. It all seems a little unnecessary now.

NORMAN

(coldly)

It was.

HUNT

But why did you get so riled up when I went into your mother's room?

NORMAN

It carries a lot of bad memories. I didn't want you to open that door... It's where all my troubles began....

HUNT

Oh....

Tracy comes around the corner.

HUNT

(wiping  
his face)

Well, we'll leave you alone now, Norman, and again...I'm sorry.

TRACY

Sorry? You mean you didn't find anything?

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

261

HUNT

(sharply)

No, Miss Venable, I didn't. And until I have evidence otherwise, that young lady and Mrs. Spool are (missing person cases.

TRACY

Aren't you even gonna take him in for questioning or anything?

HUNT

Haven't you made enough suggestions for one day?

262 ON NORMAN

262

His eyes widen with terror as Hunt dips his mitt into the ice machine.

263 INT. ICE MACHINE - INSERT

263

...Hunt's hand grasps a pawful of crushed ice and withdraws. As it does, ice shifts and slides and a woman's fingertips protrude up out of the ice!

264 BACK TO SCENE

264

Hunt hasn't even noticed the hand. He wasn't even looking. He mops his forehead with the ice he grabbed, then idly rattles the chips in his palm.

TRACY

Why don't you drag the swamp? That's where he dumped the last bodies.

265 ON NORMAN

265

...watching the rattling ice chips in the Sheriff's hand.

266 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - SHERIFF'S HAND

266

One of the ice chips he holds is stained red with blood! Camera pulls back as Hunt absently pops the bloody piece of ice into his mouth.

HUNT

Don't tell me my job, Ms. Venable.

267 BACK TO SCENE

267

Norman, seeing the ice chip disappear, breathes a silent sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Tracy is losing her cool.

TRACY

Somebody had better. You're not going to let him go?

HUNT

Despite all your glib insinuations, Ms. Venable, I don't have one iota of proof he's done anything.

MAUREEN

(coming forward)

He hasn't.

268 ANOTHER ANGLE

268

All turn to Maureen, who has joined them, now dressed. She looks very ill-at-ease. A nervous wariness about her.

MAUREEN

(continuing)

Norman was with me until six o'clock this morning, Sheriff. So whatever happened to that girl last night, Norman had absolutely nothing to do with it.

Norman knows this is a bald-faced lie, but he loves Maureen for it. He glances gratefully to her. She stares blankly back at him.

HUNT

(exasperated sigh)

Well, miss, if you'd volunteered that tidbit a little earlier, you would have saved us all a lot of trouble.

MAUREEN

I'm sorry...no one asked me.

HUNT

(smiles, good-naturedly at Norman)

You didn't have to be so silent, Norman. Hell of a time to be discreet. Come on, boys.

CONTINUED

268

CONTINUED

268

He and the deputies start for their car.

TRACY

(angrily  
following)

It's not good enough, Sheriff, you  
just can't let it lie.

HUNT

(wheeling  
on her)

I've had enough of this Nancy Drew  
horseshit from you! I'm letting it  
lie and so are you! Understand?

He wheels back around, heading for the squad car.

MIKE POOL

I think you better follow the  
Sheriff's instructions, Miss Venable.

TRACY

I'm waiting for a passenger.

(to Maureen)

I'll be out in the car.

Tracy heads for her car. Mike gets in the police vehicle, which drives off, leaving Norman, Maureen, and Duane. And for Norman and Maureen, Duane isn't even there. Norman, stunned by Tracy's inference, looks at Maureen in hurt bewilderment. She stares sadly back, then, unable to look anymore, whirls off around the corner of the building. Norman hesitates, then follows after...leaving Duane, a silent spectator, to all this drama....

269

INT. MAUREEN'S ROOM

269

Maureen has gathered up her purse and a few odds and ends and starts to hurry out the door, but Norman looms up there, blocking her path.

NORMAN

She t-told you about me, didn't she?

MAUREEN

Yes, Norman....

NORMAN

Where are you going?

CONTINUED



269

CONTINUED

269

MAUREEN

Father Brian said I could come to him, if I needed to...Please let me through.

Norman doesn't. He stares down at her with such a forlorn, pitiful look, it almost breaks her heart.

MAUREEN

(almost  
in tears)

Please....

NORMAN

It was a long time ago.

MAUREEN

I know.

NORMAN

Then why?...Don't you trust me?

MAUREEN

I need time to think, Norman.

NORMAN

But what you did for me. What you told the Sheriff....

MAUREEN

...was a lie. Good-bye, Norman.  
I'll send for my things later.

She ducks under his arm and out. Norman turns, standing in the door, watching her go.

270

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

270

...as Maureen gets in Tracy's car, which then speeds off.

271

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

271

...as Tracy's car moves down the road....

TRACY

I hope you know what you did,  
alibiing Bates....

272

INT. CAR

272

Tracy and Maureen sit in the front seat, both staring straight ahead.

TRACY

(continuing)

...You must feel real good about yourself.

MAUREEN

(turning to her)

What a horrible life you must lead, always looking for the worst. Does it make you feel good to hurt him? You're like a vulture, feeding on other people's troubles. Perhaps Norman never would have...have...

(stops, choked  
with emotion)

If it hadn't been for people like you...

(guiltily,  
quietly)

...and me....

She turns away, staring out of the windshield again, silent tears trickling down her cheeks. Her words have hit home with Tracy though. At the moment, the reporter doesn't much like herself at all. They drive on in silence.

273

INT. BATES HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY - ON STEPS

273

...as the door above the steps creaks open and a pair of feet clamber halfway down the steps. It is Norman, eyes filled with distraught tension. He leans over the bannister and peers into the misty gloom of the cellar.

NORMAN

(querulously)

M-Mother?

274

NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - THE CELLAR

274

Mother doesn't answer. The cellar, as we remember it from other films, is bleakly mundane. It is also empty.

275

INT. BATES HOUSE - SERIES OF SHOTS (DIRECTOR'S CHOICE)

275

...as Norman searches for Mother. In the front parlor, the upstairs bedrooms, the musty eerie attic. We see him look under beds, behind furniture, even the shower curtain of the bathroom. Closet doors are seen slamming one after another, each one disclosing nothing, no one hiding anywhere.

276 INT. BATES HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

276

A worried, exhausted Norman enters. He goes to the sink and turning on the tap, splashes cold water on his face. Wiping with a dish towel, he sinks wearily in a chair at the kitchen table. His newspapers are spread over the table. And his taxidermy equipment. Twitching, he picks up a bag of "Kandy Korn" that's there and abstractedly munches on it. Then, in a sudden burst of frustration, he slams the bag of goodies down, candy spilling over the desk.

NORMAN  
(shouting up at  
the desk)  
Mother, where are you?

Elbows on the table, he rests his weary, confused head in his hands. Then he sees it....

277 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

277

...A note, under one of his birds. His hand grabs it and slides it out from under the bird. It reads: "NORMAN, COME SEE ME. I'M IN CABIN TWELVE. MOTHER."

278 ON NORMAN

278

...as his eyes dart under knitted brows, digesting the message.

279 EXT. BATES HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - LONG SHOT

279

Ominous black clouds have reappeared in the sky. It is prematurely dark. Thunder booms, announcing an impending storm as Norman exits the house and heads pell mell down the hill to the motel.

280 EXT. MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON - ON NORMAN

280

...as he races along the row of cabins, finally stopping in front of number twelve -- Duane's cabin. He hesitates a moment, debating whether to knock. Instead, he grabs the knob and yanks the door open, barging in.

281 INT. CABIN TWELVE - LATE AFTERNOON

281

The television is on. A Woody Woodpecker cartoon is playing on the screen. It's the only light in an otherwise dark room.

CONTINUED

NORMAN

M-M-Mother?

He sees her...silhouetted in the gloom, in a chair turned toward the TV. He creeps up to her, camera moving with him. The light from the TV plays along her face as Norman comes up beside her.

NORMAN

Mother?

For the first time, we see Mother's face! We've seen the face before. It is Mrs. Spool's face. Only this face is the face of her corpse. Quite dead. The eye sockets empty and sunken. The skin about the face taut and dry. But the hair retains its reddish-gray color and, overall, the preservation job is remarkably good. But then Mrs. Spool has only been dead for a few weeks and Norman's hobby is "stuffing things."

Norman is suddenly jarred from his eerie reunion by the strum of guitar strings.

DUANE (O.S.)

(singing "Mother  
Macree")

'Oh, I love the dear silver  
that shines in your hair.  
And the brow that's all furrowed  
And wrinkled with care,  
I kiss the dear fingers,  
So toil worn for me,  
Oh, God bless you and keep you,  
Dear Mother...Bates....'

Duane emerges from the shadows of the room...on the bed.

DUANE

Doesn't scan, Norman...but then a  
lot of shit around here doesn't....

NORMAN

(hoarse, tight  
whisper)

What are you doing with my mother?

DUANE

Don't you mean mummy? Did a nice  
job on her, Norman. Fresh as the  
day she was croaked.

Norman is not amused. He twitches, his eyes are like ice.  
Woody Woodpecker cavorts on the TV in the b.g.

CONTINUED

281

CONTINUED - 2

281

NORMAN

Why?

DUANE

Just looking out for you, Norman.

NORMAN

And yourself?

DUANE

(shrugs,  
smiles)

I have ambitions, Norman, dreams... but dreams don't come cheap these days...I mean I could have turned Momma over to the cops this afternoon, but all that would have got me was a pat on the back for doing my civic duty. Now girl reporter would have shelled out a few bucks, but she would have taken the lion's share of the credit and parlayed it into a TV news anchor job and a six-figure salary. Fine for her dreams, but what about mine? No, I figured Momma's greatest value to me was in being valuable to you.

NORMAN

(understanding)

Blackmail....

DUANE

(strums the  
guitar)

Merely a chance to be a patron of the arts, Norman. Another D'Medici....

NORMAN

I don't have that kind of money.

DUANE

Don't cry poor, Norman, with that big piece of real estate up on the hill and a...thriving business. If things get tight, you can always sell an acre.

NORMAN

(pleading)

Please, D-Duke, I-I want my m-mother back.

CONTINUED

281

CONTINUED - 3

281

DUANE

(strumming  
guitar)

Take her. You know what I want.  
And you know what I'll do, if I  
don't get it.

He says it with his easy charm, smiling, but the threat is there. Norman stands by the bureau, he twitches. Thunder rumbles outside.

NORMAN

I know....

Lightning flashes, as Norman grabs a heavy glass ashtray from the dresser and flings it at Duane. It connects, cracking Duane in the head. The guitar drops from his hands and Duane reels back on the bed, blood spurting from a gash in his forehead.

Norman leaps on top of him with a savage ferocity, grabbing a pillow and smashing it over stunned Duane's face, trying to smother him.

NORMAN

You think I'm stupid, D-Duke? Even  
if I gave you money, you'd still  
tell on Mother. No one must know  
about her. Or what she's done. No  
one.

Duane stops struggling. Thunder. Lightning. Raindrops splat against the window. Norman takes the pillow off the limp form and fearfully, remorsefully looks at him.

NORMAN

(continuing)

Don't you understand? She's an old  
lady. A sick, old lady. She can't  
help it...She can't help the things  
she does...Duke?...

Duke's answer is a sudden choking cough that spews phlegmish spittle in Norman's face. Duane's hands shoot up and grab his surprised assailant's throat. Both tumble off the bed onto the floor, struggling.

282

ON TV

282

Woody is similarly engaged in a tussle with one of his favorite adversaries -- Wally Walrus or Buzz Buzzard.

283

ON MOTHER

283

...her face garishly reflected in the harsh white light of the TV. Her hollow, empty sockets ghoulishly staring....

284 BACK TO SCENE

284

Norman and Duane grapple in the narrow corner between the bed and the wall. A painting slides from the wall. Norman clutches it and smashes it over Duane's already bleeding head. Duane staggers back dizzily falling back over the bed to the floor at Mother's feet.

He struggles to rise. But Norman, in the heat of battle, gives no quarter. He leaps upon the bed and grabs Duane's guitar, crashing it down on the fallen man's back. Duane's limbs splay out and he collapses to the floor. The guitar's badly cracked. Norman jumps off the bed and brings it down once more. This time on Duane's head. Then again.

285 ON TV

285

We see the smashed guitar come down again and again in front of the screen, striking Duane's prone body with sharp thuds and the splintering crack of wood. On the TV, Woody pecks his beak repeatedly into his nemesis' head.

286 BACK TO SCENE

286

Norman brings the shattered guitar back, poised to strike one final time. But all that's left of the instrument is its splintered neck and dangling strings. And Duke lies so still. Norman stares down in timid, uncertain fear. All that can be heard is Norman's labored breathing, the buzz of the TV, and the rain pattering on the window.

NORMAN

Duke?...Duke...?

He kneels beside Duane's sprawled, limp form. Duane's hair is matted with blood. The back of his shirt is drenched in it. Norman twitches in guilty remorse.

NORMAN

I...I didn't mean to...I didn't want to do it, Duke...I didn't...But Mother...

(looks up at  
her, angrily)  
You made me do it! You! Your  
tainted blood in me!

287 ON MOTHER

287

She hovers over him, seeming to gaze down at him with her hollow eyes. The tight skin about her lips seems to pull them into a weird amused grimace, as though she were laughing at him. The effect is even more startling when Woody Woodpecker's Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha laugh comes pouring out of the TV set.

288 ON NORMAN

288

drowning in the sound of that silly cartoon laugh, staring up at Mother's grim smile. He clamps his hands to his ears.

NORMAN

Don't laugh at me, Mother. Don't laugh at me!

289 INT. STATLER'S DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

289

It's still raining. Dark clouds outside make it seem later than it is. Tracy sits at the counter, talking to Statler.

STATLER

Didn't even know she had any kids.

TRACY

Wouldn't her job application have her next of kin on it?

STATLER

Might. But I don't got one on her. She was already working here when I bought the place seven years ago. Best waitress I ever had too. Real work ethic. Not like these lazy kids today.

Myrna, laden down with several orders, walks by, shooting a dirty glance at Statler.

TRACY

So she worked for the previous owner?

STATLER

Yeah, Harvey Leach.

TRACY

What happened to him?

STATLER

(shrugs)

Last I heard he was in a nursing home outside of town. Probably dead now.

290 INT. NURSING HOME - VISITING ROOM - NIGHT

290

Harvey Leach is not dead. He sits in a wheelchair talking to Tracy. Rain beats steadily outside. Tracy's trench coat is beaded with water. Her hair limp and wet. Leach, a thin, frail man, shakes with a palsied quiver. Tracy has brought him the framed photo of Mrs. Spool, but he stares

CONTINUED



at it absently, uncomprehendingly. Several other patients wander about the room in pajamas and robes...playing cards, watching TV, or just sitting around waiting to die. Leach speaks...torturously slow.

LEACH

(trying to  
remember)

Spool...?

TRACY

(taps the  
photo)

Emma Spool...She used to work for  
you...in your diner....

LEACH

Diner?...Oh, yeah...I had a diner,  
you know....

TRACY

(patiently)

Yes...I know...And Mrs. Spool used  
to work for you....

LEACH

I had a woman named Spool used to  
work for me....

TRACY

(wearily)

Yes....

LEACH

Waitress...she...a...she came from  
that place....

TRACY

(curiously)

Place...?

LEACH

That...a...that place...for nuts...  
a...asylum....

TRACY

(knock her  
over with  
a feather)

Mrs. Spool was in an asylum?

LEACH

That's what it was...an asylum...  
Killed somebody....

CONTINUED

290 CONTINUED - 2

290

TRACY

Who?

LEACH

(shrugs)

Somebody...husband...somebody...Don't  
recall...Good waitress, Spool....

291 INT. FATHER BRIAN'S OFFICE

291

Maureen has been crying, but now is calm, firm, resolute.  
It is Father Brian who now seems uncertain.

FATHER BRIAN

Are you sure, Maureen?

MAUREEN

Yes, Father. Norman saved my life.  
Ended my despair. He understands my  
guilt and shame, my desperate need  
for redemption. Understands  
forgiveness because he lived so long  
with the burden of his own sin.

(tearing up)

But I couldn't forgive him that  
sin...I've failed so many people,  
Father, I won't fail him. Don't you  
see? That was why Mary came to me  
the night he saved my life. It was  
a sign...

(struck by a  
sudden thought)

...The woman in the window....

FATHER BRIAN

Woman in the window...?

MAUREEN

That must have been Mary too...

(smiling)

Now I am sure, Father, I am sure. I  
was meant to be Norman's salvation,  
just as he is mine.

292 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NEWSPAPER MORGUE

292

Tracy sits surrounded by shelves of massive tomes -- the  
newspaper morgue of the public library. Several volumes of  
old bound newspapers are sprawled out on the desk before  
her. As she leafs through page after page, she  
chain smokes, an ashtray of crushed butts at her elbow.  
She rubs her eyes, lights a cigarette from an old one,  
flips a page. Her eye catches it immediately.

293 TRACY'S POINT OF VIEW 293

It's the headline of the Farevale Inquirer, dated in the midforties. "SISTER ARRESTED IN BATES MURDER-KIDNAPPING". In smaller bold type below the headline, "CHILD UNHARMED IN LOVE TRIANGLE TRAGEDY."

294 ON TRACY 294

...smiling as she reads. Paydirt. All the pieces fit now.

295 INT. CABIN TWELVE - CLOSEUP - DUANE'S BODY 295

...as a plastic laundry bag is brought down over his bloody, bruised face. Camera pulls back to Norman as he secures the unorthodox headgear down over Duane's upper torso. It's to prevent Duane from dripping blood on Norman as he lifts the corpse up and starts to drag it to the open door. The rain still falls steadily outside. Norman stops at the open door with his load and turns back to Mother, seated rigidly in the chair in front of the TV.

NORMAN

I'll be back for you, Mother.

296 INT. DUANE'S BUICK - BACKSEAT 296

...as the back door opens and Duane's corpse comes flopping into the backseat on top of the smashed guitar pieces and his other belongings thrown in there. The rain makes muddy rivers along the Buick's dirty windows.

297 EXT. ICE MACHINE - NIGHT 297

The rain beats down on Norman as he tugs on one of Patsy's arms, rigid with rigor mortis. He's having a difficult time getting the corpse out. He peers into the ice machine to get a closer look at the problem.

298 CLOSE ANGLE ON ICE MACHINE 298

Patsy is half in, half out of the ice pile. Her dead face, contorted in an outlandish grimace, stares bug-eyed up at her killer. Her other arm is the problem. It, too, is stiff with rigor, frozen at such an awkward angle it won't come through the door.

Norman grabs it, knowing what he must do, but not

CONTINUED

298

CONTINUED

298

particularly relishing the task. Biting his lip in queasy anticipation, he gives the arm a firm yank. Nothing happens except the corpse shifts a little in the ice. Again Norman yanks...the arm snaps with a sickening crunch. Norman has successfully broken the bone at the elbow. The arm falls limply against the side of the torso and Norman slides the body out of the machine.

299

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

299

Duane's car is parked in front of the office. The back trunk is raised open. Norman appears from around the corner with Patsy's corpse. He tosses the stiff into the trunk and slams it shut.

300

ON TRUNK

300

...as it shuts with a sharp click....

DISSOLVE TO

301

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT - CLOSEUP OF TRUNK

301

A persistent rain beats down on the Buick's trunk. Camera pulls back. Duane's car is creeping cautiously along a muddy road. The surrounding terrain is marshland. Even in the rain and darkness, we see the black swamp looming ahead. It ripples with a thousand puddles as rain splatters into it.

302

INT. CAR - CLOSE ON WINDSHIELD

302

...blurry with rain. The headlights illuminate the swamp ahead. The faulty wipers sporadically hesitate as they sweep their arcs across the grass, making visibility difficult.

Camera pans to Norman driving, hunched over the wheel, squinting out into the blur and the blackness. It's torturous navigation.

Suddenly, a specter lurches up behind Norman out of the backseat! It is the presumed-to-be-dead Duane!

His upper torso is still encased in the bloodstained plastic bag. Its bulk and the night shadows distort the revived man into an eerie apparition. The fingers of his grasping hands strain against and stretch the plastic material imprisoning him, clawing to break through. The right hand does, clutching the seat for support. Then the left breaks through, disappearing behind the seat. When it reappears, it's grasping the shattered guitar neck and the dangling strings.

- 303 DUANE'S POINT OF VIEW 303  
Through the haze of plastic and blood, he sees the back of Norman's head, his scrunched-up shoulders.
- 304 BACK TO SCENE 304  
Duane grasps the guitar strings in both hands now and, in one swift motion, has them over and entwined about Norman's neck, pulling the surprised man's hunched-forward body back against the seat.  
Norman, in instinctive defense, releases the wheel and clutches at the metal strings, biting deeply into his neck, drawing several thin lines of blood. The car lurches wildly out of control.
- 305 INTERCUTTING SHOTS 305  
...as Norman struggles with his opponent.
- 306 ON WINDSHIELD 306  
...The terrain outside seems to bob and weave....
- 307 ON STEERING WHEEL 307  
...spinning wildly....
- 308 ON REARVIEW MIRROR 308  
...Both Norman and Duane are visible in it. Norman's eyes widen in terror and recognition....
- 309 EXT. CAR 309  
...weaving, zigzagging down an incline, through the mud and rain, heading toward the grim black swamp....
- 310 ON NORMAN'S FEET 310  
...vainly seeking the brakes, accidentally hitting the gas....
- 311 ON CAR 311  
...as it lunges forward in a sharp burst of speed....

- 312 ON NORMAN'S FEET 312  
...lifting off the gas....
- 313 ON NORMAN AND DUANE 313  
...As the car abruptly slows, the sudden shift in momentum sends Duane flying over the front side....
- 314 ON WINDSHIELD 314  
...Duane comes careening into the glass, cracking it, but not breaking it.
- 315 ON DUANE 315  
...His head and upper torso spill onto the floor. His legs sprawl out on the front seat. The plastic bag is soaked inside with fresh blood. Suddenly a foot comes down on his neck, crushing his adam's apple.
- 316 ON NORMAN 316  
...glaring malevolently at his attacker, his face a contorted mask of rage. One hand has regained tentative control of the steering wheel, the other peels the embedded guitar strings from his throat. He gulps madly for air. Duane's feet kick wildly at Norman's head, causing him to release the wheel again in an effort to defend himself.
- 317 ON DUANE 317  
...clawing at the foot on his neck. Strangled, gurgling coughs are smothered behind plastic. Suddenly, his hands stop clawing, his head falls to one side.
- 318 ON NORMAN 318  
...as Duane's feet collapse limply on the back of the car seat. Norman stares out the window, eyes widening....
- 319 ON WINDSHIELD 319  
...The car is swerving madly toward the swamp -- so very close....
- 320 ON STEERING WHEEL 320  
...as Norman grasps it....

321 NORMAN'S FOOT 321  
...slamming on the brakes. Tires squeal!

322 ON TIRES 322  
...spinning rapidly, flinging mud everywhere, the brakes aren't holding....

323 ON NORMAN 323  
...steering wildly....

324 ON NORMAN'S FOOT 324  
...pumping the brakes....

325 ON WINDSHIELD 325  
...The swamp is so close! Suddenly the car stops, right at the edge of the swamp.

326 ON FRONT TIRES 326  
...at a standstill, caked in mud. Dirty water laps the swamp's edge where the tires rest....

327 ON NORMAN 327  
...falling back in his seat, heaving a sigh. Suddenly, there is a creak, ca-chunk! And the car slides forward.

328 ON TIRES 328  
...as they splash into the swamp....

329 ON CAR 329  
...as the rest of it follows the front tires into the drink.

330 ON NORMAN 330  
...panicked, paralyzed with fear, water almost up to the hood before he thinks of trying the door. He tugs furiously at the handle.

331 ON DOOR LOCK

331

...The button is pushed down....

332 ON NORMAN

332

...pushing Duane's feet out of his way, lunging over to the passenger door, unable to open it. He realizes by now the doors are locked. He pulls the button up. Too late. The car is already submerging. It sinks under the surface, sending Norman rolling back from the door.

333 EXT. CAR - NIGHT

333

...as the roof is sucked below the water with an oozing whoosh.

334 INT. CAR

334

...as it floats downward into the murky depths. The headlights haven't fritzed out yet and they cut through the dark water with a weird glow. It is deathly quiet. No rain. No surface sounds. Only Norman's rapid, jerky breathing.

He's huddled in the front seat, staring with fearful awe from window to window. Water, water, everywhere. The crack in the front windshield is giving under the pressure. Water seeps in from it. Then the whole panel of glass collapses and stagnant, green-grey water and marsh reed burst in....

Norman, panicky, flails in the gush of water, involuntarily gulping in gobs of the rank, wretched stuff. He shoots out through the cracked windshield into the grimy pool outside.

335 EXT. SWAMP - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

335

One of the headlights has shorted out, the other, amazingly, still sheds a dim, flickering glow. But even so, the water is dark and cold and thick with vegetation and undergrowth. Norman peers about the inky depths, confused and panicky still, trying to get a sense of direction. More by instinct than calculation, he starts for the surface.

His hand suddenly strikes something. At first, Norman thinks it a piece of debris. It is! Human debris! The bloated, blue-white dead face of Red suddenly floats before his eyes! Her naked torso, mutilated with deep, dark gash marks, swirls up. Her arms, outstretched, lifelessly enfold about Norman.

CONTINUED



335 CONTINUED

335

He screams! No sound! Just bubbles bursting from his mouth. He twists madly from the victim come to claim him and paddles wildly up, tearing through the reeds and marsh muck.

336 EXT. SWAMP - THE SURFACE - NIGHT

336

Norman's head pops up, choking and coughing, spewing out foul water. He swims with terrified clumsiness for the nearby shore, reaching it and crawling out into the mud and slime, the rain beating down on him. He shivers from the cold and the wet and the fear, his breath coming in wracking, hysterical sobs.

337 INT. FATHER BRIAN'S OFFICE - CLOSEUP - PHOTOCOPY

337

...It is a photocopy of the Spool article. Camera pulls back to Father Brian at his desk studying the article...and other similar ones that litter the top of his desk. Tracy stands on the other side. The priest looks up solemnly from the article.

TRACY

I thought if she saw some of these,  
she might change her story to the  
police. Can I see her?

FATHER BRIAN

I'm afraid not....

Tracy stares at him...waiting to know why not....

338 EXT. BATES HOUSE - NIGHT

338

It is still raining. A muddy, wet, weary, still very much unnerved Norman scurries up the stairs to the great house on the hill. Then up the front porch and through the front door.

339 INT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT HALL

339

Norman rushes up the front stairs in the darkness, shivering. As he nears the top, he hears something. Someone moving downstairs...heading for the steps. He stops and whirls about, peering into the gloom below. A woman, silhouetted in shadow, appears at the foot of the stairs. A woman wearing Mother's maroon robe.

CONTINUED

339

CONTINUED

339

NORMAN

(whispering  
to himself)

M-Mother...?

It is not Mother. It is Maureen...revealed when she hits the light switch down in the entryway, illuminating the upstairs hall. Norman blinks harshly in the light, as Maureen starts up the stairs to him, her eyes full of tender happiness.

MAUREEN

I thought I heard you come in,  
Norman. Where have you been? Your  
door was unlocked. I've been  
waiting in the parlor for you to  
come back. I've come back....

Norman has edged his way up to the landing in cautious retreat. As Maureen approaches, he glances down at Mother's door. It is slightly ajar, still knobless. Maureen is to him now. She goes to embrace him; notices his muddy, ragged condition.

MAUREEN

Norman, what happened to you?

NORMAN

I...I slipped...in the mud.

MAUREEN

(apologetic)

I slipped too. Can you forgive me?

NORMAN

(nervous,  
confused)

You've come back?

He looks toward Mother's door, his face a grim mask of apprehension.

MAUREEN

I never should have gone away.

She turns his face back to her, caressing his cheek. Norman flinches. She's so close. He gazes at her body. She's naked under the robe. The robe. Mother's robe. Mother. He hears her voice in his head. We hear it too. A harsh and grating whisper, so low the actual words are indistinct. But Norman hears them clearly.

CONTINUED

339

CONTINUED - 2

339

MAUREEN

(continuing)

Whatever happened in your past, I  
know you're good. I know you  
couldn't kill anyone.

NORMAN

(glances at  
Mother's room)

I-I h-have.

Again, the raspy, almost inaudible whisper. The words  
incoherent. But only to us. How clear they must be in  
Norman's burning brain.

MAUREEN

Long ago, Norman. Not now...You  
took a life, but you also saved a  
life. My life. Let it be your  
life. Our life together. A new,  
fresh beginning....

She kisses him. Trembling lips aquiver, Norman breaks the  
kiss and buries his head in her shoulder. Into Mother's  
robe. Camera pulls in close on his face as he silently  
weeps. Again, the jumbled hard whisper. But this time one  
word is clear to our ears....

MOTHER (V.O.)

(whispered)

...Slut....

Norman grimaces as the voice inside gnaws at him. He  
buries his head against Maureen as though trying to muffle  
the sound in the soft warmth of her flesh. He clutches at  
her robe, causing it to open slightly, revealing her  
nakedness underneath. He stares at her whiteness in wild  
torment. Maureen looks at him in curious confusion. His  
hands still grip her now-open robe, as she tenderly brushes  
the tears from his cheeks and speaks softly.

MAUREEN

Oh, Norman, Norman, I love you so.

One of her arms has slipped from the robe as she presses  
her naked flesh against his rigid, muddy body. Norman  
shudders, his teeth clench. His knuckles white with  
tension as his fingers entwine tightly in Maureen's robe.

MOTHER (V.O.)

(inside  
Norman's head)

Kill that slut!

CONTINUED

339 CONTINUED - 3

339

NORMAN

Don't you touch her!

It rips from him in a guttural, defiant scream as he spins savagely in the direction of Mother's room. But as he does, his hand, now clenched in a fist, violently jerks the robe it clutches, sending Maureen whipping out of the garment and careening down the stairs in one wild, whirling motion. The naked girl bounces brutally against the wall and bannister as she falls, ending up splayed out awkwardly on the hall floor below.

340 ON NORMAN

340

...clutching the now-empty robe in his hand in stunned amazement, unable to completely grasp what just happened. He stares down the steps.

341 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

341

...The shadowed form of Maureen lies at the foot of the stairs, unmoving.

342 BACK TO SCENE

342

as Norman rushes down the steps, still clutching the robe. He kneels down beside Maureen, gazing at her face. A trickle of blood flecks her lips. She is dead. Her lifeless eyes stare up at him.

343 CLOSEUP - MARION CRANE (FOOTAGE FROM PSYCHO) (FLASHBACK)

343

...lying half in, half out of the tub, her dead eye staring out....

344 BACK TO SCENE

344

Norman cradles Maureen's head in his lap, gently closing her eyes. His own are pierced with pain.

NORMAN

Maureen...Mau...Mau...Ma...Mo...Mother!

It tears from him like a Greek wail; a savage, anguished lamentation.

345 EXT. BATES HOUSE - NIGHT

345

The rain has stopped. The moon has even come out, cascading its light down on the old Victorian house on the hill. We hear music...melancholy, sweet music played on a piano.

346 INT. BATES HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

346

Norman sits at the parlor piano, back to camera, playing the elegiac music we hear. Camera pans to a nearby couch. Maureen lies there, gently laid out, hands folded peacefully atop a pretty comforter. Candles are everywhere, surrounding the corpse, glowing in reverent eulogy.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Get that whore out of my house!  
Throw her down in the muck and filth  
where she belongs.

Norman's head snaps sharply around, his eyes burning in cold fury, the candlelight dancing along his rigid, taut face.

347 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM

347

...as Norman enters, staring with intense hatred at his mother seated in her rocker.

NORMAN

(disturbingly  
quiet)

I'll get you for this, Mother, I'll  
get you!

348 ON MOTHER

348

...her empty eye sockets, her unmoving lips...but we hear her voice!

MOTHER'S VOICE

You haven't got the guts, boy.

349 ON NORMAN

349

...glaring at her when he suddenly hears a car pull up outside. He rushes to the window.

350 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MOTEL PARKING LOT

350

Tracy emerges from the car parked in front of the motel.

351 ON NORMAN

351

He closes his eyes in pained weariness....

352 EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

352

Tracy looks up at the house, seeing the light in Mother's room extinguished. She also sees the candle glow emanating from the parlor window. She goes to the trunk of her car and opens it. Reaching in, she pulls out a tire iron.

353 INT. SHERIFF HUNT'S OFFICE

353

Father Brian impatiently paces the small office. Mike Pool sits behind the desk.

FATHER BRIAN

Why doesn't Sheriff Hunt answer his beeper?

MIKE

Call of nature maybe. Give 'em a few minutes.

FATHER BRIAN

There may not be a few minutes!  
Can't you do anything?

MIKE

Not without any authorization or just cause.

The priest throws a folder of photocopied news articles on the desk in frustration.

FATHER BRIAN

Make sure the Sheriff sees those.  
I'll be out at the Bates place.

With that, he exits before Mike can protest. The deputy glances at one of the articles slipped from the folder, his eyes bulging in surprise. He grabs the phone.

MIKE

(into phone)  
Fred. Try the Chief again...and hurry.

354 EXT. BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

354

...looming awesomely in the night. We hear a rattle.

355 EXT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

355

The rattle is the front doorknob as Tracy tries it. It is locked. She goes to the front parlor window and peers in. Not much to be seen. Only the candlelight bleeds through the drawn curtains. Tracy can make out no other details. With her tire iron poised in readiness, Tracy disappears around the side of the house.

356 INT. BATES HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DOOR

356

We hear a sharp crack and the splintering of wood. The door is pushed open. Tracy emerges, having jammed the lock with her trusty tire iron. The kitchen is dark and silent. She creeps stealthily through the kitchen toward the hallway.

357 INT. BATES HOUSE - HALLWAY

357

Tracy inches down the dismal, unlit hall, tire iron first, her heart leaping into her throat with every creak of the floorboards. She gets to the open archway in the front hall that leads into the parlor and gazes into the candlelit room.

TRACY

Oh, God...Oh, God, no....

She moves into the parlor. As she does, in the b.g., back down the hallway, we see a shadowed form emerge from the cellar stairwell. Even in the darkness, the form is recognizable as a woman.

358 EXT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT PARLOR

358

Tracy moves to the laid-out corpse of Maureen. She sighs and averts her gaze from the macabre tableau. They are dashed with bitter tears.

TRACY

Oh, the dumb, stupid, naive girl.

(suddenly  
hard with  
anger)

Where is that psychopath?

Clutching her improvised weapon, she whirls around to find Norman.

And finds him a lot sooner than she figured!

Norman's right behind her and, on her turn, she bumps smack into him. She cries out and reels back against the couch, jostling Maureen's corpse. Tracy continues to the floor. In the sudden shock and tumble, she loses her grasp on the tire iron. Plopped on the floor, she looks up...at Norman! Or rather Norman in his Mother persona. For now that she (and we) looks at him clearly for the first time. She sees he's in drag. The high-necked dress, the dishevelled, ratty, cheap wig on his head. His eyes glow grimly. And in his hands -- the gleaming bread knife.

He speaks. Not in his own voice -- but in Mother's!

CONTINUED

358

CONTINUED

358

NORMAN

(Mother's  
voice)

Why can't you leave my poor son, my  
Norman, alone?

The knife blade goes up. Tracy doesn't wait for it to come back down. She picks up her tire iron and flings it wildly in Norman's direction. It's wide of its mark, but close enough for Norman to dodge and give Tracy the diversionary moment she needs to scramble to her feet.

359

INT. BATES HOUSE - FRONT HALL

359

...as Tracy darts desperately for the front door. She tugs madly at the knob...then remembers it's locked. No time to fuss with it. Norman is approaching, knife poised.

Tracy takes off in her only other avenue of retreat. The stairway. Norman follows. With a steady, sure, determined fixedness of purpose, he slowly starts to back the girl up the stairs.

Up to the second floor. No escape. No exit. Tracy realizes this. As she backs up the stairs, keeping Norman -- and the knife -- in focus at all times. She tries to stay calm but is frightened to...well, hopefully not death.

TRACY

What set you off again, Norman?  
Mrs. Spool? You killed her, didn't  
you? What did she do? Come to you,  
tell you she was your mother? She  
was crazy, Norman. But she wasn't  
your mother. Neither are you.

Norman finds the talk disturbing. He makes a hesitant thrust at Tracy. She yelps and springs back.

TRACY

(talking  
rapidly now)

Mrs. Spool was your aunt, Norman.  
She was in love with your father.  
But your mother stole him away from  
her. So Emma Spool killed your father  
in a jealous rage and kidnapped you  
when you were just a baby.

Norman keeps coming.

TRACY

For God's sake, Norman, listen to  
me! Don't you understand?

CONTINUED



359 CONTINUED

359

But Tracy's talking to the wrong person. Norman's not at home.

TRACY

(tears streaming,  
angry pleading)

She killed your father, the lover who  
spurned her, and stole you because in  
her distorted mind, she thought you  
were her child. The child she should  
have had with your father.

(savagely)

She was crazy! They locked her away!

Crazy! Locked away! Norman predictably responds to the words with a wicked thrust of the blade. Tracy screams and rushes up to the second floor landing.

360 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL

360

Tracy rushes down the hall to the room at the end -- Mother's room. She disappears behind the door...And we hear a shocked, gasping moan of surprise and horror, then a resigned groan.

TRACY (O.S.)

(in weary  
dismay)

Oh, God, no....

Norman is on the landing by now. He moves toward the room. He stops at the door, slightly ajar. It can't be locked, thanks to Norman's earlier handiwork. He pushes it open.

361 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM

361

as Norman, in drag, enters. Tracy sits on the floor, next to the rocking chair, next to Mother, or, more correctly, Mrs. Spool. She looks up at Norman, tears streaming down her face, passively resigned to her doom.

TRACY

Dammit, Norman, how many mothers can  
you have? If you're your mother?  
Then who's sitting here? Who was  
Mrs. Bates?

(angrily  
yelling)

Doesn't it make any difference in  
that demented brain of yours?

CONTINUED

361 CONTINUED

361

It does. The confusion is unsettling. Norman stands there hesitating. Tracy sees she's getting to him.

TRACY

Believe me, Norman. If you're in there, believe me. Mrs. Spool is not your mother. You killed your mother years ago. She's dead, rotting in her grave.

Norman twitches, blinks furiously.

NORMAN

(his own  
voice)  
I-it's l-lies.  
(Mother's  
voice)

All lies!

He lifts the knife, poised for attack...Mother once more. Tracy sobs, closing her eyes, waiting for the death blow.

FATHER BRIAN (O.S.)

No, Norman! It's the truth.

362 ANOTHER ANGLE

362

...as Norman turns to see Father Brian in the room.

FATHER BRIAN

The truth.

Norman lowers the knife, twitches, his eyes soften. He looks over to the weeping Tracy, then back at Father Brian. He's desperately trying to sort it out in his bewildered mind. Tears well up in his eyes. He slowly pulls the wig from his head. Father Brian, viewing it as an act of submission, approaches Norman, holding out his hand.

FATHER BRIAN

Give me the knife, Norman. All the darkness...all the death is over.

Norman's face suddenly hardens. He glances over in Tracy's direction and his grip on the knife tightens.

NORMAN

Not quite.

CONTINUED

He raises the knife, moving toward the reporter.

TRACY

No!

Father Brian leaps at Norman to restrain him, but Norman brushes him back with a sweeping forearm that knocks the priest to the ground. Tracy, in abject terror, crawls across the bed to escape. But Norman doesn't pursue her!

Then it's suddenly clear! He's stalking Mother! He stands before her. Tense, taut, a jungle cat ready for the kill. Then he speaks. In both voices!

NORMAN

(as Mother)

What are you doing, boy?

(as Norman)

Don't have the g-guts, eh, M-Mother?

He holds the knife up, ready to plunge it into her. Then hesitates. Vacillating torment. His eyes are filled with Norman's anguished fear but the laugh that suddenly bursts from his lips is definitely Mother's!

NORMAN

(as Mother)

Ha! You can't do it, can you? To kill me, you have to kill yourself.

(as Norman)

N-n-no. You're not...my...mmm-mother!

(as Mother)

We're one blood, Norman.

(as Norman)

Tainted b-blood. Tainted!

(as Mother)

Then spill it, Norman. For me to die, you must die....

The knife wavers between the two. A garish, perverted version of "To be or not to be..." Beads of perspiration dot Norman's forehead as the two personalities within struggle for supremacy.

NORMAN

(as Mother)

Die, boy, die.

(as Norman)

You...die!

It is a cathartic wail! The knife slashes across the mummy's neck. Sawdust spills like blood from the gash in

CONTINUED

362

CONTINUED - 2

362

the withered wrinkled throat. Again the blade slices -- across the corpse's chest. And again, the sawdust oozes out. Again and again, the knife cuts through the lifeless body of Mrs. Spool, tearing the dead flesh, literally ripping the stuffings out of her.

With each pass of the blade, Norman's eyes become less tortured, less pained. Father Brain and Tracy watch in morbid fascination.

The shredded, gash-ridden corpse slides down in the rocker, sawdust dripping in puddles all around the chair. Norman stands before this, his final victim, exhausted, spent. He looks contemptuously down on the torn body sprawled in the rocker. The knife falls limply, harmlessly from his fingers at his feet. He sinks wearily to the floor, propping his back against the bed.

Footsteps rapidly stomp upstairs and down the hall. Hunt and his deputies barge in with drawn guns. No one in the room moves or speaks, bothering to explain the bizarre scene in front of Hunt's astonished eyes. He stares at the remains of Emma Spool.

HUNT

Good God, what was it?

NORMAN

(calmly, no  
trace of  
stutter)

Madness...my madness...And now I've  
torn it out....

363

EXT. BATES HOUSE AND MOTEL - DAY

363

Dawn is breaking. Police vehicles and news trucks populate the parking lot. A crowd of authoritative types and uniformed officers mill about.

364

ON FRONT DOOR

364

...as Norman, Hunt, Tracy, Father Brian, and the deputies emerge. Norman, handcuffed, is flanked by Hunt and Mike. Camera moves with them, as they proceed down the hill.

HUNT

(bitter  
hurt and  
disappointment)

I was for you, Norman, believed in  
you. You made a fool of me. And  
look what you did to yourself.

CONTINUED

364

CONTINUED

364

They move through the parking lot, ignoring the media, to a paddy wagon. Mike hops up in the open back and helps Norman up.

HUNT

Why, Norman? Good God, son, you'll be locked up the rest of your life. You'll never get out again.

NORMAN

(placidly)

But at least I'll be free...finally free....

The back door of the paddy wagon slams shut and the shadow of wire mesh window grille crisscrosses over Norman's relaxed, calm face. The face of a totally happy, completely sane human being.

With clear, clean vision, he gazes up at the house on the hill, the camera panning with his glance, up to the second story -- Mother's bedroom window.

The camera pans up and in, closer and closer. The window's open, the curtains flap in the wind that's blowing. Camera moves inside of the room -- to Mother's now-empty rocker, teetering back and forth in the fresh, cleansing breeze.

FADE OUT

THE END